THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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BY THE FIRE.

I.

No, darling, I am not crying. I have not
been thinking at all;
I've been watching the fire flames flash and
leap, and the embers crumble and fall:
No, I am not cold or tired, and my head
does not ache, not much—
No more than an old, old wound might do,
just shrinking from sudden touch.

II.

Nay, love, had I ever a sorrow but was
shared and lightened by you?
Had I ever a joy that I did not bring for
your gladness to prove it true?
My autumn will scarcely doubt, I think, what
my summer has proved so well;
Let me kiss those loving lips to peace—in-
deed I have nothing to tell.

III.

What do I see in the fire? Why, the ghost
of an eager face,
With blue eyes asking—for what? ah, what?
and a smile whose pathetic grace,
If once one loved it, would haunt one's life,
like the ring of a beautiful rhyme;—
Did you ever silence, by reason or will, that
mystical musical chime?

IV.

If I said, dear,—it is in idleness all that *I*
picture is there to-day,
Till I hold my lips to catch the words the
parting lips would say;
In idleness all, or in something worse, for a
quiet woman to do,
I forget that my girlhood is gone, you see,
as I sit in the gloaming with you.

V.

Nay, darling, you know I am happy—my life
is so richly crowned;
I am only "dowly" a little—O the thrill in
the homely sound!
Give me your soft hand, sister—come closer,
closer—there,
Till the firelight gleams on the gracious head,
with its glory of red-gold hair.

VI.

Speak in the dear old whisper—speak of our
girlish days,
When, free and fearless, we laughed to read
our fate in the flickering blaze;
Speak, till the quiet music soothes this dull
unceasing pain,
Till the phantom fades from the cavernod
coals, and the want from the weary brain.

VII.

It is hard to yearn so bitterly for what may
never be won;
It is hard to dream so hollly, and wake to an
evil done.
Ah, love me, sister; morning mists still
shrink 'neath the noonday beams;
Surely the steady love of a life will banish
these fever dreams.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

WORMWOOD.

Mr. Woodford broke the seal, and rapidly ran his eye over the contents of his sister's letter, which were contained in a single page, and written in pencil.

July 14.

"BROTHER ERNEST—I take the first opportunity of returning strength to let you know that the Woodfords are no longer without a male heir. I know this will *surprise* you, after what you were so civil as to say at our last meeting; but whether it will please you or not, is another matter. The dear child (a very fine one) was born on the 10th instant at about ten o'clock, A. M.; it will be named 'Claude Woodford' upon an early day next month. Had you behaved in a less brutal manner, it should have borne your own name, whereby your darling wish for a successor might have been in some sort realized; but you have put this satisfaction out of your own power. I am aware that any reference to my husband will be ill received, or I would say that he unites with me in the hope that you will make an effort to conquer your evil temper, which I well know causes yourself as much pain and trouble as it inflicts on others. Forgive me, if I seem to abuse the liberty of one who is still upon a sick-bed, and has been lately led by suffering to reflect more than usual upon human short coming. I have nothing but your good—"

Here, with an inarticulate cry of passion and contempt, Ernest Woodford tore the letter into a hundred fragments, and stamped it under foot.

"A fraud, a fraud!" cried he. "She would stick at nothing to vex me." He paced up and down the room like a caged beast, while the sun fell on mountain and moor without, and the whole earth seemed taking holiday. All that fair scene was his own—and yet the sight was wormwood, because one day, when he should be lying in his dark grave, the offspring of this woman would bear sway there. Yes, her news was doubtless true; and with what malignant pleasure must she have written it! How could he have been so besotted as to believe that she wanted Reconciliation—Pardon! *she*, who only wrote in bitterest triumph, and dared to taunt him with his childlessness!

"Go, *go!*" roared he; and the terrified servant who had come in, as usual, to take away the breakfast things, left the Black Squire once more to his meditations. "The child may die," muttered he; "one in five, they say, do die in infancy; and boyhood is a dangerous time of life." His eye lit upon the vacant space upon the wall, where a picture of his nephew had once been wont to hang, and he stood staring at it, as though he would recall the absent features. He was not thinking of dead Charlie, but of her who had there portrayed him long ago—very, very long, though it was but a few years back. His breath began to come in snatches, and he sat down and passed his handkerchief across his forehead. He had been walking to and fro in angry haste, but it was no physical effort which had thus exhausted him. "I will do it!" muttered he between his teeth. "What is a broken oath in comparison with such sweet revenge? Yes, Selina; in treating yourself to this exquisite pleasure, you have not calculated the possible cost. You shall repent this insult yet. I, who had two enemies in the world, have now but one—yourself. You have reconciled me to the other and you shall reconcile the other to me. Folks may prate of Sympathy, but there is nothing like a common Hate for making one out of two. That will stand where love can find no foothold.—Thank you, Selina, thank you. But for this letter, perhaps you would have gained your point; but now, believe me, it is not so certain. For your sake—for your sweet sake, Selina Murphy—I will go through humiliations to which I could never, upon my own account, have submitted. Humiliation, Contempt, Ridicule—yes, I am prepared for all those, if only in the end I set my heel upon this woman and her beggar's brat."

More than one writer of talent and merit has recorded his praise of a "good hater," but for my part, experience has not corroborated their view. A man should indeed be "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn," for evil principles, oppression, cruelty, falsehood; but one who enjoys a special faculty for hating his fellow-creatures, is generally at best but a mere partisan. It is quite possible, too, that the complementary virtue of Attachment (of course always supposed to exist,) may not be so proportionally powerful, in which case we get a lopsided individual, overweighted with malignity. If Ernest Woodford, however, was not good at hating, he was certainly better at that than at most things.

"It will terrify her, at all events," murmured he, with a pur of satisfaction over some thought unexpressed, "If I only do that, it will be something. I should like to see her looks when she comes to read my letter. How the painter-fellow, too, will curse his folly in saddling himself with such a burden for doubtful wage!" Over Ernest Woodford's face flushed a glow of color, and his thin lips formed a crooked smile. "Yes, sister, she will not refuse me, notwithstanding all that has come and gone, since I come with this revenge in my hand: there is no woman who does not love to cry quits." Mr. Woodford rang the bell for the servant to remove the breakfast things; and when that had been done, bade him tell Miss Evelyn her uncle wished to see her.

"Evy," said he, "I have news for you."

"Indeed, uncle." Such a quiet, indifferent voice! So different from that in which she had once asked him whether there was news from Charlie!

"At least," continued Mr. Woodford with hesitation, "I *may* have great news for you, and I think I shall; but it is not certain yet. I know you can keep a secret, Evy. Child as you were, you have never broken the promise you once passed to me, years ago."

"I never have, uncle."

The little cheeks had each a round pink spot in them, and for an instant Mr. Woodford looked at her suspiciously.

"Why do you color so, Evy? You are not telling me a story, I hope?"

"No, uncle; but you said we were never to speak about—"

"Quite right, Evy; good girl, good girl. George Adams shall have that place you were asking me about; only tell him that he got it through *you*, and through nobody else."

"Oh, thank you, uncle, very much!" Eyes and lips smiled together, and she clapped her tiny hands like a benevolent fairy.

"Evy, tell me truly,—would you like your aunt to come back and live with us?"

"No, Uncle Ernest."

"I mean your Aunt Clementina?"

"Aunt Clementina?" The child grew crimson to the very tips of her ears, and stared at her questioner as though he had been the composite Sphinx herself. Astonishment was never more pronounced in so small a creature.

"Yes, Evy; your Aunt Clementina—she that was so kind to Charlie, and painted the picture of him that hangs in your room. How would you like me to ask her to come back again?"

"I should like it very well, Uncle Ernest, only—"

"Only *what*, child? Don't be afraid to tell me what you are thinking."

"Well, uncle, if you won't be angry," said Evy with simplicity, "I was thinking that even though you asked her, perhaps she wouldn't come."

CHAPTER X.

SEIDLITZVILLE.

We do not go so far as the arrogant inhabitants of Seville, and assert that you who have not seen Seidlitzville have seen nothing; but certainly you have lost a curious spectacle; nay, unless you have seen it *twice*, under its two aspects of magnificence and decay, you may be said to have missed one of the most striking examples of the mutability of human affairs; for Seidlitzville had once a Spa, and was bidding fair to be the rival of Bath and Cheltenham, and now it has no Spa, but has become a total wreck. Its palmy days lasted but a very little while, but were made the most of by builders. A small country town upon the great North Road in 1820, at the close of 1823 it was a city of Carcasses, not of the Dead indeed, for it was, on the contrary, reputed to be the very mother of health, imparting to hundreds its life-giving streams of chalybeate; but nineteen-twentieths of its buildings where in what is called the "carcass" state, unfinished, naked, unlet, and "run up" to meet an expected demand for house accommodation. A gigantic hotel was erected conveniently near that centre of attraction, the Pump-room. Terraces, squares, crescents, even Ovals were planned in the most commanding situations. A Bath-chair stand was instituted. A master of the ceremonies, nephew to a dead Irish viscount, and cousin to a living one, was procured by the Spa committee, regardless of expense. An analytic chemist of celebrity was paid five hundred pounds for discovering such virtues in the Seidlitzville spring as have scarcely been attributed by the Scotch to whiskey. Several ancient persons of distinction came to play at whist in the subscription-rooms. A fortune-hunter or two even patronized the place, as likely to be a cover for the game of which *they* were in search, and not a few *nouveaux riches*, among whom was our acquaintance, Mr. Ernest Woodford, flocked to Seidlitzville, as to a spot where they would be more thought of than at the old-established Spas, and which would be equally good for their livers.

Then all of a sudden this promising state of things collapsed. The spring did not fail, but its water became no longer ferruginous. It was now openly whispered that it never had been so by nature, but that the proprietor of the Well had doctored it, fed it with tinctures of iron until the magnitude of the scale of deception had become too much for him. His paltry spirit, apt only for petty roguories, had quailed before the gigantic undertaking to which his original fraud had grown. It was even said that his brain had given way under the pressure, and that for three days running he had supplied the spring with jalap instead of the usual tonic; at all events, during the illness which carried him off, shortly after the failure, the poor wretch, doubtless harassed by the stings of conscience, would not touch any water at all, and muttering something about "letting Well alone," expired, worth one hundred and forty thousand pounds. Almost every body else connected with Seidlitzville was ruined. The great hotel took nobody in from that time forth except its shareholders, for whom in those days such accommodation was unlimited; when it was subsequently transformed into the county Lunatic Asylum, some of these still remained its inmates, and a sad sight to the benevolent visitor it was to see them offer their blue mugs full of milk and water, with the assurance that it was real chalybeate, whatever Captain Morke might say, and would do him good. Captain Morke was the late master of the ceremonies, and exceedingly bitter against the committee and all who had in any way been connected with the Spa. He accused them of being a set of impostors, who had tempted him to disgrace his noble family by becoming their master of the ceremonies, by an annuity of six hundred pounds a year, which had only been paid for eighteen months. To whom was he to look for reparation, for compensation, and especially for the continuance of this income, if not to them? The chairman of the committee was said to have fled to another hemisphere, in order to avoid the harrassing persecution of Captain Morke, who carried about with him (for the chairman to drink) three vials—the vials of his wrath, as one might call them—the one containing Seidlitzville water as a chalybeate, another the same liquid as an aperient, and the third with Seidlitzville water as it became after its proprietor's demise, which last, although a most excellent spring water, certainly did not require a master of the ceremonies to preside over its dispensation.

The terraces, the squares, the crescents, and the ovals remained untenanted; the Pump-room, haunted, it was whispered, by the Spectres of the Broken, was studiously avoided, and rapidly fell into disrepair. It looked like a ruined temple which had once been consecrated to some "creed outworn." A more lamentable instance of failure of great expectations than Seidlitzville afforded, was, in short, never seen in stucco. It was only by comparison, however, that the place was rendered so pitiable. So much of it as was old, was respectable-looking and comfortable enough, albeit it was dull. There is no dulness like that of a provincial town; for there is a pretence of life about it which renders it (although we use the phrase "buried alive" to express the tenants of both places) more ghastly than Pompeii; and when one contrasted the fulness of Seidlitzville with what it had been in its brief days of fashion—the period of drums, and routs, and promenades—the hush of its deserted High street, with that hall of lost footsteps, the Assembly Rooms, staring with its sightless eyes down the whole length of it, was something appalling—otherwise, as we have said, the place would not have been worse than other provincial towns. There were the *White Lion* and the *Bear*, the strongholds of the local Whig and Tory factions; the town-hall, where justice was as "indifferently administered" as the Church could desire, every alternate Wednesday; and the market-place, which had "had its nose put out of joint" during the Spa epoch, but was now reasserting itself, at least on Saturdays, as the rallying-point of the population. It is in the market-place, opposite the *White Lion*, that the coaches stop to change horses, although, alas! but rarely now to set down visitors. The single gentleman who has arrived at Seidlitzville upon this particular morning, makes quite a sensation, as he orders his portmanteau to be carried into the inn.

"Bedroom, sir?" inquires the mouldy waiter, clutching his damp napkin despairingly, as though, if disappointed *this* time, he would most certainly and without further respite proceed to hang himself therewith.

The stranger nods assentingly.

"Dinner, sir?" urges the waiter eagerly, like one who, having met with an unexpected stroke of luck, determines to push his good-fortune. "Chops and fowls, sir, fowls and chops."

"I don't know whether I shall want dinner or not," returns the stranger thoughtfully; "but I should like to wash my hands."

With this very modified form of patronage, the waiter is for the present compelled to be content. An antique chambermaid conducts the guest to a confined chamber looking out upon a blank wall—there are twenty better rooms unoccupied, and certain to remain so, but such is the system at the *White Lion*—and installs him as No. 40; which is so far suitable that he has numbered about as many years. The stranger remains a long time in the seclusion of that apartment, and emerges from it in gorgeous apparel. It is the opinion of the mouldy waiter that "the gent is come down to Seidlitzville to be married;" but the antique chambermaid, who has experienced the backwardness of mankind, responds contemptuously: "Not he." The plump landlady, who dwells in a sort of magnified cucumber-frame on one side of the entrance-hall, condescendingly bows to No. 40 as he goes out, and fancies she remembers to have seen his face before; but although she shuts one eye tight, in order to assist reflection, and has nothing to do *but* to think about it for the next two hours, she cannot recall his name. At last she slaps herself, like a man, on both her knees. "I know'd I'd have it," cries she triumphantly, "and now I've got it: that's Mr. Ernest Woodford."

And she was right. Mr. Woodford steps quickly up the High street, with his hat tipped a little forward over his eyes, as though he by no means courted such recognition from anybody, until he arrives opposite a small red-bricked edifice standing back from the road, and separated from it by a garden and tall iron gate, upon which there is a brass plate, with the words *Mrs. Morke* upon it. He rings the bell, and tips his hat more forward than ever, because he knows that the first-floor windows command the entrance; he has his card-case in his hand, but, upon catching sight of the maid-servant's features, which are unknown to him, puts it back again into his pocket.

"Is your mistress at home, and alone?" inquires he.

"Yes, sir.—Who shall I say, please?"

"Say a gentleman wishes to see her upon important business."

Admitted into the house, he is left alone in the little dark hall, where gloom prevents him from at first perceiving an object suspended upon the opposite wall; when he does so, Mr. Woodford stands transfixed, like Robinson Crusoe when he first discovered the footmark.

"Whose *hat* is that?" demands he of the returning servant.

"Master's hat."

The maiden looked at him a moment with suspicion in her eye, then continued with a giggle:

"Well it ain't nobody's hat, sir. My mistress is a lone lady, and so we keeps a hat in the hall to persuade tramps and such like, who may happen to get within-side, as there's a man in the house. But there ain't no man, bless you, no, nor even a page-boy."

The damsel uttered this last sentence somewhat despondently, but Mr. Woodford, with characteristic absence of sympathy, replied: "Very good," and wiping his forehead, as though something had been taken off his mind, followed the domestic up-stairs. As the hall was gloomy, so is the staircase, and so is the drawing-room, into which Mr. Woodford is ushered. This has the appearance of a show apartment rather than of a "living" room. Much of the furniture is swathed in brown holland, and what is not so is protected with ample anti-macassars; each window-curtain is wrapped up in a sort of chintz bag, as though for removal; the chimney ornaments—consisting of a clock that doesn't go, and two groups of wax-flowers—are under glass; the book-shelf, full of ancient but gaudily bound volumes Keepsakes, Annuals, and similar elegant rubbish—is guarded by glass doors. Upon the walls hang an infinite number of pictures, the frames of which are encased in yellow gauze; they are all painted by the same hand, and most of them represent the principal features of Seidlitzville when it was at its zenith. Over the fireplace hangs a full-length portrait of Captain Morke, M. C., pointing with outstretched hand to a circular building, like the outside of a camera obscura, but which was doubtless the Pump-room. By the empty grate stands a banner-screen, magnificently embroidered with the arms of the House of Ballygabooly, of which the captain was a scion. A family-tree, rolled loosely up, and looped with green silk, is suspended over the piano, ready to be unrolled on the slightest provocation. Mr. Woodford had plenty of time to observe these details, had he been so minded, but he was not, although he had never been in that room before.

"What the deuce did that fool of a girl mean by saying that was 'her master's hat?'" soliloquised he. "I wish the next half-hour was over. It was always her way to keep people waiting." At last he hears a stiff silk dress rustling against the banisters of the stairs without, and steps hastily into the shadow of a curtain. A lady, in reality rather older than himself, but looking much more juvenile, enters the room, and closes the door behind her—not without hesitation.

"You wish to see me, I believe, sir—Why, gracious powers, it is Ernest Woodford!"

"Yes, Clementina, it is I."

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. MORKE.

If the "situation" in which we left Mrs. Morke and her visitor was striking even to melodrama, the *dramatis personæ* were commonplace enough. Of Mr. Ernest Woodford we know sufficient to acquit him of any suspicion of the heroic; and the lady who now stands opposite to him, with her hand upon her beating heart, has as little Romance about her as he. She is stout and fair, with scanty flaxen curls, such as the cheaper sort of dolls wear; her pink eyes are small, and very narrow at the corners, and with the frightened look which we now read in them, she reminds us exceedingly of a guinea-pig. The one positively good expression which she ordinarily possesses is Harmlessness. "Weak, but good-natured," would be the verdict that would usually be passed upon her by the charitable observer; but, like the animal to which we have ventured to compare her, "she has a kick in her" too, and she is at this moment striking out. For almost a minute, she stands irresolute, with her little eyes riveted upon the intruder, in terrified fascination, and feeling behind her for the handle of the door, as though she would have escaped by flight; but presently the blood which forsook her cheeks returns, her cream-colored complexion thickens, and her tight brow is puckered up with a frown.

"How dare you come here?" cries she. "Did you not pass your word never to molest me more? I say nothing about your own self-imposed and solemn oath, but did you not make me that promise, Mr. Woodford?"

"Yes, Clementina, I did."

"I beg you will not call me Clementina, sir. So you confess you have broken your

promise, do you? A pretty gentleman you are! My noble father always warned me how it would be: 'Once ally yourself with trade, and you may bid good-bye to honor,' were his very words. The escutcheon of the Ballygaboolies has been sufficiently smirched, I should have thought, without this further persecution."

"She is even a greater idiot than she used to be," muttered Mr. Woodford beneath his breath; but he answered her humbly enough: "I have that excuse to offer, Clementina, which no woman should treat with scorn—I find it is impossible to live without you."

"You lie, sir!" she replied. It was a curious speech to come from those indecisive lips, but they snapped it out quick as sparks. "Have I been your wife for two long years, not to know better than that! Was I necessary to your existence for a single hour? did you not treat me—and suffer *her* to treat me—as though I were a nonentity; a piece of furniture; me, the mistress of your house! Did a day, a meal-time pass, without some slight being put upon me by yourself, some insult by her? Can I ever forget it, think you? Can I ever forgive it, Ernest Woodford? *Never!*"

It was surprising to see how her passion ennobled this poor creature. Although her voice rose beyond its proper compass, and grew harsh and cracked, and her ears as well as countenance glowed like unhealthy beet-root, the genuine sense of wrong redeemed all such external drawbacks, and gave her words both strength and pathos.

"Look you," she went on; "I did not seek your hand, sir, but you mine. You were rich, it is true; but you were low-born and vulgar—as you are now, and as you always will be to your dying day. I was poor, but I was a lady. That pedigree—yes, you may sneer, but you would give half your wealth to come of such a stock—that pedigree, sir, was weighed against your purse. If I had chanced to have borne you offspring, you would have been more proud to think that those children had noble blood in their veins than that they would inherit your gold. But since you were disappointed of this, you meanly visited your spite on me; nay, more, you suffered that vile woman also, whom you yourself despised, to vent her spleen upon me. Perhaps I could have pardoned all besides, but I hated you for that, sir, and I hate you now."

He put up his hand, as though in mitigation of such direful words; but the floodgates of her pent-up rage were opened, and she could not perhaps have stayed its current even if she would.

"A woman must be foully wronged indeed, sir, ere she casts away her husband's name, as I have yours; though not so much, indeed, because you bore it, as because your sister did. A woman must be conscious of her blamelessness, when, after having fled her husband's roof, she comes to dwell in the very place from which he took her, among old friends. They address me by my maiden title, sir, one and all; they ignore, from a delicacy which you cannot comprehend, the events of those two years I passed in bondage, with your sister for a jailer; and I will add, that had you sent up your card, with that hateful name of Woodford on it, you would have escaped these home-truths to which you have now to listen, for I would never have consented to see your face."

Here she paused for breath (but not at all for words, albeit she was a woman by nature both slow and scant of speech;) and Mr. Woodford, pale as death, made answer with forced calmness: "Madam—Mistress Morke, if you will have it so—although your reason for rejecting my poor name is scarcely valid, since my sister no longer bears it—"

"Is she *dead?*" interrupted the other with sudden vehemence. "If such news as that has indeed brought you hither, Ernest Woodford, I can forgive your coming."

"She is not dead, Clementina—she is married."

"Married? Impossible! You are deceiving me."

"Indeed, I am not. Here is proof of what I say, and of much more." Mr. Woodford stepped forward, and placing in his wife's hand the pencilled note which had been the immediate cause of his visit, watched her narrowly while she read it.

"So this woman has a child," said Mrs. Morke in low but grating tones. "Remembering her treatment of your nephew and niece, Ernest, I pity her babe. And she sneers at you, her brother, because you are without an heir. You must have parted on bad terms."

"We did so. She expressed her gratification when poor Charlie died—the boy you were so kind to, Clementina—and I told her what I had long had in my mind about her. She warned me at that time not to come hither or seek any reconciliation with you. That is what first set me thinking about it."

"Ah!"

"Mr. Woodford's remark was not strictly complimentary, but the other did not take it at all in dudgeon; on the contrary, her reply had a certain smack of satisfaction about it that is rarely comprised in a monosyllable. "Ah!" repeated she, "it did, did it? And now, when she writes to say that your wealth is, as it were bespoken, certain to fall into the hands of Selina's son as soon as you are dead, and taunts you with your childlessness—I can read in your face how the barb rankles. So, then, if I—your wife—should consent to return to you, there would be no such certainty for this hateful woman: anxiety and fear would gnaw her heart."

"Would gnaw whatever substitute nature has appointed for that organ," assented Mr. Woodford grimly. "Your sagacity saves me a world of explanation, Clementina. How I hate her! you don't know *how* I hate her!" and the speaker slowly turned his swarthy hands one over the other, like some malevolent Eastern mute who had received an esteemed order for wholesale strangulation.

"Pooh, pooh!" answered Mrs. Morke; "you love her."

Ernest Woodford strove to smile, but his lips declined their office, and only showed his glistening teeth.

"You love her, I say, in comparison with hate like mine. You do not know, you cannot guess, what I have to avenge! You will repent of this scheme of yours, even yet. You will not be able to stand the ridicule of society, although you have endured my contempt to-day with a forbearance which (considering what your temper is) has really done you credit."

"She told me that I would never bear with either, Clementina, and therefore I have endured the one, and will ignore the other. Besides—if you really think of doing me this favor—at Sandalthwaite, nobody knows that I have ever been married. It is a place entirely secluded, and out of the way of all gossips. Not dull, you know," added Mr. Woodford hastily, as Mrs. Morke cast rather a desponding glance at her *moire antique*, trimmed in the latest fashion—"not dull, like Seidlitzville, but quiet; and the society exceedingly select; county families—ahem—clergy, and a medical gentleman of great intelligence and skill. You will be considered, of course, to be a bride."

A gleam of topaz-light illumined Mrs. Morke's pink eyes. She had been a bride already, and the experience had not been satisfactory; but the illusion is one of which a woman is not easily disenchanted, or we should not have so many manumitted widows submitting to the yoke a second time. Ernest Woodford saw his advantage, and pressed it eagerly.

"Clementina, I swear to you that if I have anything to forget with respect to our married life, except my own ill-conduct, it is forgotten. The person who caused our disagreements, or, at all events, ceaselessly strove to foment them, has now exhibited herself in her true colors. If you would only try me—if you would but consent to cancel that deed of separation—"

"Make no rash promises, Ernest," interposed Mrs. Woodford gravely. "Forgive me if the past has rendered me somewhat incredulous. I will suppose, however, that if I acceded to your request, I shall at least be mistress in my own house; and I do not seek gayety. I have lived here so retired a life, and that in a place where, as you well know, I was once—"

"Honored, adored," exclaimed Mr. Woodford hastily: "yes, that is very true."

"Where I was once, at all events, much sought after, Ernest," continued Mrs. Woodford, unconsciously assuming for an instant the *pose* in which she had long ago been painted by Chalks, R. A. as the Nymph at the [chalybeate] Spring. Then once more relapsing into melancholy, she added: "You do not know *how* lonely I have been here: worse, far worse than any widow, for I had not even the sad solace of the remembrance of past kindness."

"Forgive me, Clementina," cried her husband, hiding his eyes in his hand, perhaps, like the painter of old, from want of confidence in his own powers of expressing the sublimer feelings.

He heard her silk dress coming towards him, and felt her palm placed lightly upon his shoulder, and yet he did not lift his eyes.

"You are ashamed of yourself, Ernest," said she quietly. "I cannot say that you ought not to be so; but that is enough. I will be your wife once more."

"Clementina," cried he, taking her hand in his, and making as though he would salute her lips, "you are too good! How shall I ever show my gratitude for this?"

"I am not good, Ernest," returned she, neither encouraging, nor disengaging herself from, his embrace; "and you may prove your gratitude very easily."

"By doing what—only say what?" replied her husband with eagerness.

"By sitting down at once to write to your sister: the London post does not go out for half-an-hour: she will then receive the news of our reconciliation by breakfast-time to-morrow."

"Give me pen and paper, Clementina," answered Mr. Woodford grimly: "they say 'bitters' sharpens the stomach; and Selina shall certainly have that appetiser for her morning meal." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The editor of the Des Moines (Iowa) Register has been presented with a grasshopper which he says weighs three to the pound. One cabbage head makes just a nice supper for four of this sort. He is two and a half inches long, and still an infant, his wings just beginning to come out of his back. He is one of the kind that has become a burden.

☞ Lard is reported to be extensively adulterated in this country with water, terra alba, paraffine and other substances. A practical chemist states that he has examined specimens in the hands of dealers, adulterated to the extent of 60 per cent. Some Western specimens, it is announced, have contained from 10 to 20 per cent. of water.

☞ Upon one of the festival days in Naples it was customary to have some individual mounted upon an ass, who for two hours rides through the city personating the Saviour, and who, during that time, must endure the most intolerable buffets and insults. So vile is the treatment to which his person has to submit that it is often difficult, even by the offer of large pecuniary rewards, to induce any one to accept the office. On one occasion an American sailor, tempted by the gold, accepted the job. His ignorance of the language spared him the verbal contumely, but the outrages upon his person were fully appreciated. He endured all bravely until, when near the close of his work, he was assailed personally in the most offensive manner. Shaking his dripping garments, he turned upon his assailants and exclaimed, "Villains, wait till I have done playing Christ, and I'll clean out this town."

☞ The apple trade in the western part of New York has been very brisk, large quantities being shipped daily for the eastern markets. The other day a single boat load of 25,000 barrels passed through this city. Apples grown in this part of the state have not been plentiful enough for the demand. Shipments have been made here from Wayne county, and there they are much larger and better than the apples we raise. Greenings and Spitzenbergs can be purchased in this city at $4 per barrel of three bushels each and barrel included, which will bring this nice fruit at $1.25 per bushel.—*Utica Herald, 5th.*

☞ There is a convict in the Philadelphia jail who has been under sentence of death sixteen years, and who has been reprieved each successive year. There are several cases somewhat similar in Maine, where murderers have been confined nearly or quite twenty years, and whom any Governor may hang "at pleasure."

☞ A man crawled two and a quarter miles on all fours, in the northern part of New York state, last Saturday, to win a wager of ten dollars. He made the distance in two hours and six minutes.

☞ An amusing incident happened in the University of Cambridge, England, the other day. An anti-tobacco orator announced that he would deliver a lecture in the town hall. At the appointed hour the building was densely crowded with demure undergraduates, whose unwonted decorum, however, was by old hands regarded as the ominous lull before a storm. The lecturer, on ascending the rostrum, was greeted with a few mild plaudits, but on the commencement of the oration every undergraduate produced a pipe surcharged, which he immediately proceeded to light. This, of course, produced a riot, and the proceedings ended in smoke, a prominent tobacconist being elected to the chair. The lecturer's pipe being thus homœopathically put out, he gracefully withdrew, and Cambridge still enjoys its uninterrupted cigars.

☞ During the removal of articles from the Paris Exhibition, in the Italian section, a workman called to one of his comrades to assist him in lifting an immense cheese, which had stood against a wall, and they found that the article was as light as a drum. A family of rats had installed themselves in it, and nothing but a mere shell remained.

☞ Don't wait for your fervor to cool before you act. The workman at a foundry might as well wait for the molten iron to cool before pouring it into the mould.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECE'R 21, 1867.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

A NEW OFFER.—As our subscribers often may want some one book very much, we have concluded to offer to any person sending us two *new* subscribers, at the full price of $2.50 apiece, any book or books to the amount of $1.50 on Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brother's catalogue. Of course these new subscribers would each be entitled to one of our Premium engravings. A very little trouble will thus enable any old subscriber to get a book.

UNLEAVENED BREAD.

Several months ago, we published an article relative to the use of unleavened bread, which we have reason to believe set a good many of our readers at work, to see what they could do, or could have done, in that line.

We hope that in a reasonable proportion of cases the result was satisfactory; while we have no doubt in the majority of cases, the attempt utterly failed, and a family verdict was brought in, that the editor of THE POST might know how to conduct a paper, or even to "keep an hotel," but as to his unleavened bread, it was not fit for a dog to eat.

In fact, one lady of our acquaintance—a very talented lady, as everybody admits; and an estimable lady, and a lady who knows what good cookery is (as we can testify), and a friend to the improvement of the human race, and a believer in reforms in general, and a scholar, and one whose name denotes that she is her "father's joy," (which latter of course signifies that she knows how to bake bread,)—this lady, who ought to have known better, and to have done better, absolutely had the assurance to inform us in a letter, that she had tried the Indian cakes we had so warmly recommended, and that they were uncommonly poor eating.

Oh, the perversity, we had almost said depravity, of the human (not to say female) heart! Brethren, and sisteren, we almost fear we have bestowed on you much labor in vain.

But we will make one more attempt—especially as the work is all done to our hand, by our "better half,"—this is a form of compliment *occasionally* used by husbands towards their wives—in the "LADY'S FRIEND" for December. Now listen all ye doubters, and be silenced all you contumacious! Hear our last, best information upon the important subject of

UNLEAVENED BREAD.

Some time ago we gave a number of recipes for making unleavened bread. As these have been, and still are, in daily use, we have a few items of experience to communicate. It is a thing we were not formerly aware of, how important the quality of the meal is to success—how frequently inferiority may be the cause of failure ("*inferiority*" of *meal*, we suppose Mrs. P. means—we feel quite certain she does not intend anything personal.—*Ed. Post.*) All through the summer rye-cakes were considered an indispensable feature of the breakfast-table. One quart of rye meal, a teaspoonful of salt, nearly a quart of milk or (cold) water, well beaten up and quickly baked—this recipe invariably produced two dozen excellent biscuits. Suddenly, in the autumn, on procuring a new supply of meal, the biscuits were a total failure—heavy, sticky lumps, altogether uneatable. The meal was sent back, and more procured from another place, with the same result; and so on, until every available source of supply had been tried, when the rye biscuits were given up for the present as a hopeless case. How often we longed for such mountain rye as we saw at the Delaware Water Gap; so light and white as to be mistaken for wheat.

A similar experience, though not so bad, in regard to unbolted meal, has driven us to adopt a new process. We buy half a peck of wheat, the best grain procurable, and have it ground at home in a hand-mill (a large-sized coffee-mill). Of this we make a thick batter with milk and a little salt, and let it stand all night; in the morning stir well, drop into the heated iron pans, and bake in a hot oven. These biscuits are coarse, but light and very sweet—more so than when made of any meal we have ever found in the market. If any batter is left, it is dropped on a hot griddle as flappers, which are very nice. We have found the grain to grind better if it is well dried previously.

With Indian meal we have never had any trouble. It should be sweet and freshly ground. A pint of meal, a teaspoonful of salt, scald with enough boiling water from the tea-kettle to make a thick mush, beat well, thin with a gill of milk, add a handful or two of white flour, and drop into the heated pans. We have seen failure with the same materials and the same directions that are daily successful, and could attribute it to nothing but not beating the mush smoothly.

The home-ground wheat makes very good mush, stirred into water with a little salt, and boiled for half an hour. Eaten with cream and sugar, for those who like it, it is a good supper-dish, and the remainder may be made up into mush-cakes for breakfast, as Indian mush-cakes are made; that is, have your hands floured to prevent sticking, and form the mush into round cakes half an inch thick, and bake on a hot griddle, either setting it in a very hot oven or turning the cakes when done on one side.

We may add to the above, that all physiologists agree that the use of the unbolted in preference to the bolted wheat and rye, is very desirable to those who would consult health. A leading Dentist in New York attributes the early decay of the teeth, to the absence in the common food of just those elements which are removed in the process of bolting flour. We see it stated that the average composition of the bran of English wheat, is water 13 per cent., gluten 18, fat 6, starch and other non-nitrogenised substances 63. The amount of gluten indicates a large percentage of the nitrogenised elements, which are the flesh and muscle forming compounds.

If we had not been in the habit almost daily for the last year, of eating these unleavened cakes—brought on the table warm (not hot)—made of wheat, rye, and Indian, we should not speak so confidently as to their excellence. Fine white bread, which we used to like so much, now seems to us insipid and tasteless beside them. And as there is so little difference of opinion among physicians and physiologists as to the benefit of eating the whole meal of the grain, in preference to only its finer portion, we think we are promoting the cause of good health, good temper and good principles by informing our readers how that which is healthful can also be made palatable.

"THE GETTYSBURG ASYLUM."

We call the attention of our readers to the following report of some recent proceedings in the House of Representatives at Washington:—

"Mr. Van Wyck (N. Y.) offered a resolution directing the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to report why the Supervisors of the scheme known as the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers, had been exempted from the special tax on lotteries. He denounced the scheme as one of the most infamous frauds and swindles ever sought to be perpetrated under the guise of charity. The first prize advertised was a farm said to be worth sixty thousand dollars.

"That farm happened to be in his own Congressional district, and was not worth $6,000. The other prizes consisted of diamonds. He understood them to belong to a New York tobacconist, who some years ago had been cheated into advancing $200,000 on them, and they were afterwards found to be worthless stones, and yet the Commissioner of Internal Revenue had relieved the swindling concern from the payment of duty, and the Postmaster-General had written a letter requesting all postmasters to aid it.

"The resolution was adopted."

We know nothing very definite as to the "Gettysburg Asylum" above alluded to, but we cannot forbear expressing our surprise at the encouragement that large lottery schemes, thinly veiled with the pretences of benevolence, have received within the last three years from legislators, high executive and military officers, and the press at large.

And all this time, the vending of common lottery and policy tickets, is made a legal offence, for which those carrying it on are being constantly prosecuted.

It seems to us that it would be more sensible and consistent to abolish all our laws against lotteries and other forms of gambling, than to do as we are doing.

PLATED WARE.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser relates the following incident of the late British Minister, Sir Frederick Bruce:—

"Unlike most of the diplomats, he had not an article of silver ware in his house, and he used to narrate with great glee, how, on going down-stairs one morning, his servants found that burglars had entered the house during the night, but had found that all the coveted forks, spoons, &c., were plated, and had left them."

Sir Frederick Bruce, as we judge from the above, was an uncommonly sensible man. We know several other people who are equally sensible, and would hardly take a service of solid silver—much less of solid gold—as a gift, if it were understood that they were to use it constantly. For even if a man is so wealthy as not to care much for the money-loss of his plate, if stolen, this does not remove the unpleasantness resulting from the visitations of thieves and burglars.

And why offer premiums, either in your house, or on your person, to insure the particular attentions of the dishonest classes of society? A handsome set of gold or silver ware in your dwelling, or a five thousand dollar diamond ring or breastpin, may result in a night attack in your chamber from a burglar, or a blow on your head in the street as you are passing some dark alley. Is it not better

"To range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow?"

Plated ware is a sham, we grant—but the comparative peace and safety it brings are not shams, but the genuine article.

THE SNOW STORM.

The snow-storm, or rather hail-storm, of Thursday, was one of the severest we ever had in this section. The combined hail and snow was only a few inches deep, but the violence of the wind which prevailed during the storm was almost unexampled. The railroad trains were stopped on all the Northern and Western roads by the heavy drifts. In our streets, the horse cars managed to get along pretty well, by the aid of double teams. And our city looks a great deal better in its robe of white, than when a long line of muddy water (the consequence of salting) was seen down the middle of every street. As we write this, on Saturday, it is again snowing.

PLENTY OF GOLD ABOUT SOMEWHERE.—It is stated in the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, that the excess of the production of the precious metals in this country over the net exports from 1849 to 1867 inclusive, amounts to the astonishing aggregate of $433,000,000, so that we have actually more gold in the country than we have greenbacks in circulation. We have in the same period coined $873,000,000 at our mints.

Now, where is this gold? Uncle Sam has about 110,000,000, and the Banks have, we believe, about 20,000,000 more; but where is the other $300,000,000? We, for one, have not got five dollars of it, all told. The majority of our Bankers would not be apt to keep much of it on hand, losing interest; although the speculators in Gold may have some. Are our farmers, merchants, mechanics, &c., hoarding gold? We think it doubtful—that is, to any great extent. Where then are these hundreds of millions of gold? Now that the great question, "Where do the pins go to?" has been decided, we trust that the intellectual ability and stupidity of the country will be turned in this direction.

THE PUBLISHER'S UNIFORM TRADE LIST DIRECTORY FOR 1868.—This work which is devoted to the special interests of publishers is now being revised. It will contain the complete list of books published by 200 leading houses. It is designed to save publishers the expense of printing and sending to booksellers their separate lists, and to enable booksellers, librarians, and book buyers to refer readily to any list desired to make up orders by. Mr. Howard Challen of Philada. the compiler, has *in press* an Alphabetical Catalogue, of all books published from January, 1856, to January, 1868, and desires any publisher or author who has issued any book during that period, to send full title, size, price, &c.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WIDOW'S SON. By MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, author of "The Lost Heiress," &c. The author says:—"I wish to say to my friends that this tale is no mere fiction. The scenes in the Widow's Cottage are photographed from life. The history of 'The Widow's Son' is that of one of our wealthiest merchants and most celebrated philanthropists." The price of this work is $2 bound in cloth, or $1.50 in paper. Our readers will remember that we offer $3.00 worth of T. B. Peterson's books, to any subscriber who sends us a list of four subscribers at $2.50 each. Or, we will send the above, or any of Mrs. Southworth's works (bound in paper), postage paid by us, to any person who will send us two *new* subscribers to the Post at $2.50 apiece. These new subscribers will also receive a copy of our *Premium Engraving of Washington.*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—For those wishing to obtain a complete selection of the most interesting articles which appear in the English reviews and magazines, this publication is probably the best they can take. It is published weekly by Littell & Gay, Boston, at *eight* dollars a year.

OBSTETRIC CLINIC: A Practical Contribution to the Study of Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children. By GEORGE T. ELLIOT, Jr., A. M., M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

THE ADVENTURES OF OLIVER TWIST. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

ELIA; OR, SPAIN FIFTY YEARS AGO. Translated from the Spanish of Fernan Caballero. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA. A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. A sequel to "The Draytons and the Davenants." By the author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family." Published by M. W. Dodd, 506 Broadway, New York; and also for sale by J. S. Claxton, Philada.

THE CLIFFORD HOUSEHOLD. By J. F. MOORE. Published by M. W. Dodd, No. 506 Broadway, New York; and also for sale by J. S. Claxton, Philada.

ELSIE DINSMORE. By MARTHA FARQUHARSON, author of "Annandale," "Allan's Fault," "Brookside Farm-house," etc., etc. Published by M. W. Dodd, 695 Broadway, New York; and for sale by J. S. Claxton, Philada.

THE LITTLE FOX; OR, THE STORY OF CAPTAIN SIR F. L. M'CLINTOCK'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION. Written for the Young. By S. T. C., author of "Little Facts for Little People," "Waggie and Wattie," &c., &c. Published by M. W. Dodd, New York; and for sale by J. S. Claxton, Philada.

MY PRISONS. Memoirs of Silvio Pellico. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE LAYMAN'S BREVIARY. From the German of Leopold Schefer. By C. T. BROOKS. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. Both this, and Silvio Pellico's famous book, are gotten up in holiday style.

THE FAMILY SAVE-ALL. Containing Miscellaneous Receipts and Invaluable Hints for Economy in every Article of Household Use. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philada.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST. A Tale of the Dark and Bloody Ground. By EMERSON BENNETT, author of "The Forged Will," "Prairie Flower," "Clara Moreland," etc., etc. Published by J. E. Potter & Co., Philada.

BILLY GRIMES'S FAVORITE; OR, JOHNNY GREENLEAF'S TALENT. By MAY MANNERING. One of "The Helping-Hand Series." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

DOTTY DIMPLE AT HER GRANDMOTHER'S. By SOPHIE MAY, author of "Little Prudy Stories." One of the "Dotty Dimple Stories." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Philada.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CONGRESS.—In the U. S. Senate, on the 9th, on motion of Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, the Secretary of the Treasury was called upon for information as to the names and residences of persons to whom captured and abandoned property has been given up, the amount surrendered, etc., and also for correspondence in regard to the cotton cases adjudicated by the Court of Claims. Mr. Ramsey, of Minnesota, offered a resolution, which was laid over, directing the Foreign Committee to inquire into the expediency of a treaty with Canada for perfect reciprocity of trade and commerce, and the cession to the United States of that portion of British America known as the Northwest Territory. Mr. Fessenden has introduced a joint resolution, which was adopted, looking to a reduction of the expenditures of Congress.

In the House, Mr. Driggs carried through, on the 9th, his bill renewing the grants of public lands to railroad companies in Michigan and Wisconsin. Washburne, of Illinois, opposed the bill strenuously, but it passed by a vote of 108 to 20.

WISCONSIN.—The official result of the November election in Wisconsin shows that for Governor the Republicans cast 73,037 votes, and the Democrats 68,873, a Republican majority of 4,764.

BOSTON.—Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, Democrat, has been elected Mayor of Boston by 458 majority. The majority for Noroross, Republican, over the Democratic candidate last year, was 1,034.

PITTSBURG.—The Labor Reform ticket was supported by the Democrats. The Labor Reform party succeeded in electing their candidate for Mayor by 2,873 majority, and for Treasurer by 2,360 majority; whilst the Republicans elected their candidate for Controller by 266 majority, and for City Attorney by 462 majority. James Blackmore, who was elected Mayor, was the Democratic candidate for that office two years ago, but was defeated by the Republican candidate by 53 majority.

THE CONVENTIONS.—The Reconstruction Conventions are to meet in Mississippi and Arkansas, a majority of the registered voters having voted at the reconstruction elections. The Mississippi Convention is called by Gen. Ord to meet at Jackson on January 7th, and the Arkansas Convention at Little Rock the same day. In South Carolina the returns thus far received indicate that only a minority of the registry voted.

ALABAMA.—A colored Conservative club has been formed at Montgomery. The whole affair appears to have been managed by blacks. The colored speakers denounced the so-called carpet-bag members of the Reconstruction Convention, and declared that the colored people were enemies to themselves if they any longer refuse to heed the advice and counsel of their true and tried friends, the old inhabitants of the South. The resolution adopted declares in strong terms against the ratification of the Constitution.

DAKOTA.—The Dakota Legislature met on Monday week. It is the first Legislature of that Territory with a Republican majority.

TENNESSEE.—The Tennessee Senate has passed the bill giving negroes the same rights of travel as the whites in that state. It had previously passed the House.

Foreign Intelligence.

ENGLAND.—All public funerals in honor of the executed Manchester Fenians, have been summarily put a stop to by the Government.

ATTEMPT TO RELEASE BURKE.—A reckless attempt was made on the 13th, to release the recently arrested Fenian Colonel Burke, who is confined in Clerkenwell prison. Powder was placed beneath one of the prison walls, and was exploded, it is supposed, by Burke's confederates. The whole side of the wall was blown into the air. The force of the explosion was so great that the adjoining buildings were destroyed. Some lives must have been lost, and it is widely rumored that as many as twenty persons were killed, and their bodies were found in the ruins.

During the morning repairs had been commenced on the wall, and later in the day some unknown men were seen to roll a barrel, which doubtless contained powder, under the place where the repairs were being made.

Shortly after the explosion took place, two men and a woman were found in the vicinity, and were arrested on suspicion. The excitement there is so great that it is impossible to obtain any correct account of the casualties.

Burke was confined in an inner cell, and could not escape by the breach in the wall, and he has since been removed to a place of greater security.

ITALY.—The cable has reported that Garibaldi has again escaped from Caprera, and that a new movement against Rome will be made. There is reason to doubt, however, the latter part of this report. The Prime Minister, Menebrea, in a speech in the House of Representatives, recently, admitted that the Italian Government would take possession of Rome only with the consent of France and the other European powers.

Violent debates have taken place in the Italian Parliament in relation to recent events at Rome. The Liberal members assail the Ministers bitterly.

Serious apprehensions are entertained of an insurrection in Naples, in which city the demonstrations against the Government have been unusually violent.

FRANCE.—It is thought, from the tenor of the French legislative speech of M. Rouher, that Napoleon has adopted a policy respecting the Roman question which coincides with the views and desires of the Clerical party.

AUSTRIA.—Final arrangements were signed recently at Vienna, by virtue of which the Empress Charlotte is recognized universal legatee of her deceased husband, and preserves, with her dowry, the palace of Miramar and the Island of Lacroma. The Court of Vienna also restores to her the jointure to which she has a right by her marriage contract, but which she had given up on the accession of her husband to the throne of Mexico.

PRUSSIA.—The Prussian Diet has approved the private treaties Indemnifying the displaced Princes of Hanover and the other Provinces annexed by Prussia.

HAYTI.—Hayti, which seems never to be at peace, is troubled with a new outbreak. At present the Haytien rebel army numbers eight thousand, and they are bent on overthrowing Salnave, who, on his side, declares that he will blow up his capital rather than submit. The rebels want Geffrard back, and the same turbulent spirits that drove him away are now said to be clamoring for his return.

ST. THOMAS.—A despatch from St. Thomas says the inhabitants are repairing their houses and endeavoring to make them once more habitable.

At Porto Rico daily shocks of earthquake occur, and the people are living in the open fields, having abandoned their houses.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—With reference to Dr. Livingstone, the last mails from England contain a good deal of additional information; but before learning his fate, the world will have to wait for the report of the English expedition now on its way to or is probably now in Africa, which is to search for him.

What the Hair Denotes.

Viewed naturally, the hair is as great an index of temperament and disposition as the features. Mr. Creer, in his volume on hair, for instance, quotes the following indications of character founded upon the set and texture of flowing locks from a book recently published in Paris, entitled "Secrets of Beauty:"

"Coarse black hair and dark skin signify great power of character, with a tendency to sensuality. Fine black hair and dark skin indicate strength of character, along with purity and goodness. Stiff, straight black hair and beard indicate a coarse, strong, rigid, straightforward character. Fine dark brown hair signifies the combination of exquisite sensibilities with great strength of character. Flat, clinging, straight hair, a melancholy, but extremely constant character. Harsh, upright hair, is the sign of a reticent and sour spirit; a stubborn and harsh character. Coarse red hair and whiskers indicate powerful animal passions, together with a corresponding strength of character. Auburn hair, with florid countenance, denotes the highest order of sentiment and intensity of feeling, purity of character, with the highest capacity for enjoyment and suffering. Straight, even, smooth and glossy hair denotes strength, harmony and evenness of character, hearty affections, a clear head and superior talents. Fine, silky, supple hair is the mark of a delicate and sensitive temperament, and speaks in favor of the mind and character of the owner. Crisp, curly hair indicates a hasty, somewhat impetuous and rash character. White hair denotes a lymphatic and indolent constitution;" and we may add that besides all these qualities there are chemical properties residing in the coloring matter of the hair-tube which undoubtedly have some effect upon the disposition. Thus, red-haired people are notoriously passionate. Now red hair is proved by analysis to contain a large amount of sulphur, while every black hair is colored with almost pure carbon. The presence of these matters in the blood points to peculiarities of temperament and feeling which are almost universally associated with them. The very way in which the hair flows is strongly indicative of the ruling passions and inclinations, and perhaps a clever person could give a shrewd guess at the manner of a man or woman's disposition by only seeing the backs of their heads.

An American Girl Asking for Baked Apples.

A party of Americans were stopping at a French hotel. Among them was a young lady in whose system nature had implanted a weakness for baked apples. This estimable fruit, prepared in that way, is unknown in Paris. In the crude state it is admired; enshrined in a tart it is adored; but they never develope its graces, like the flowers on a china vase, by mortifying the lusts of its rather unrefined flesh in an oven. Mademoiselle had, nevertheless, made up her mind to satisfy her cravings, and the first day of her appearance at breakfast asked for some baked apples. She did not get them, for the simple reason that none of the people in the hotel knew what she meant. The second day, on taking her seat, she said simply and curtly, "I should like some baked apples." The next day, "I wants some baked apples." On the fourth she came like an inevitable doom and froze the muscles of the waiters with the words, "I must have some baked apples." On the morning of the fifth day, the family on approaching the table found their persevering relative seated with a plate of that fruit before her. How this result was attained was never known. By what mysterious operation the waiters discovered the meaning of those English words—for Mademoiselle spoke no other language—and by what process they succeeded in imparting it to the cook, will probably never be known except to themselves. I am inclined to attribute it to the abstract strength of the human intellect working through a vigorous and unflinching agent.

☞ An editor became martial and was created captain. On parade, instead of "two paces in front—advance!" he unconsciously bawled out, "Cash—two dollars a year—advance!"

☞ The Episcopal Church Journal advises clergymen not to marry.

☞ It is said that the Sprague Manufacturing Company, of Providence, are using cotton in their mills at Baltic that cost them twenty-one cents per pound, and that the same cotton was bought of a party who gave eighty-one cents a pound for it, and who has held it for a rise till within a month.

☞ Lamartine has a favorite dog which wears a collar with the following queer inscription: "Lamartine belongs to me."

☞ THE GIBBET.—The gibbet, says a French wit, is a species of flattery to the human race. Three or four persons are hung, from time to time, for the sake of making the rest believe that they are virtuous.

☞ Several school girls in Indianapolis were poisoned recently by taking extract of belladonna. They all fell into convulsions, and a physician had to be called in. One of the girls confessed that she took the extract because she heard that "it was good to make the eyes snap," and wanted her's to look bright.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelets for next year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Juno Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums (*in all respects*) as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 15 cts.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Cheapness of Chinese Wares.

A vessel recently arrived a San Francisco with a large amount of goods from China, purchased at prices so remarkably cheap that the custom-house officers at that port would not believe in the veracity of the invoices, and seized the goods as falsely valued by the purchasers. The probability is, however, that the invoices are correct, it takes so little to sustain life in China, and wages are so low. In the importation were handsome sets of porcelain bought for four dollars the set. Beautiful fans, painted by hand in brilliant colors, with figures of dragons and Chinese beauties, purchased at a cent each. Spades for garden use bought at the cost of a few cents each. Straw hats of a good quality invoiced at a cent each. Nice baskets, in sets of four, costing in the Celestial Kingdom but four cents a set, and other articles equally low.

Novel Carriage—Horses Inside.

An ingenious idea has been carried out successfully in Cincinnati, by the construction of a one-wheeled carriage, propelled by the horses being inside. It consists of a large wooden wheel, fourteen feet in diameter and six feet broad, with footboard for the horses to hold. From the axis are suspended seats for the passengers, which axle extends on both sides beyond the wheel, it being only necessary to keep them balanced. Iron stays from the extremities of the axle are carried over the top rather in front, which supports the seat for the person who drives the vehicle, which is done with the greatest ease, and it can turn in a much shorter space than a coach. A successful trial was made recently with one, carrying twenty-four passengers and two heavy draught horses, previously trained, as they are entirely unfettered by harness. A distance of five miles was performed in twenty-eight minutes. The work of the horses is easy, as they travel on an endless plank road.

☞ A rival to the Yo-Semite Valley is coming into notice in California. It is called the Hatch-hatchi Valley, and is situated on the Tuolumne river. The falls are 1,700 feet in height, and are very picturesque.

☞ A partner in one of our eminent commercial firms, on looking into a newspaper recently, suddenly inquired, "Who is this Dickens they are making such a fuss about?" Such is fame.

☞ The Scottville (Virginia) Register recently published a marvellous story about the antics of a ghost on the farm of Mr. Moon, near that place. It has been ascertained that the ghost was a negro, with a magic lantern, who had been employed by a party who wished to buy the farm to frighten the family off of it, with the hope that he might get it for a small sum.

☞ A fellow was brought to King James I. who could eat, it was said, a whole sheep at a meal. "What else can he do," asked the king, "more than other men?" "Nothing," was the reply. "Hang him, then," said James; "for it is a pity a man should live who eats the share of twenty men, and can do no more than one."

☞ The Fort Smith Herald says the Arkansas river is so low above that place that last week a drove of cows stopped to drink in it, and they drank it in two.

☞ "What!" exclaimed an Irishman to a gentleman who was threatening to chastise his dog for barking incessantly; "what! would yo bate the dumb animal for spakin' out?"

☞ The Rev. Charles H. Brigham, who, for many years, has been a leading contributor to the North American, the Examiner, and other leading magazines, lately wrote and preached his *three thousandth* sermon. Mr. Brigham is now pastor of the Unitarian church at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

☞ A newspaper firm in Mississippi has recently filed a petition in bankruptcy. Among the assets given in schedule B is a list of subscribers who are in arrears.

A Parisian Story.

The following story affords a little insight into the characteristics of the Parisian *demi-monde*. Dr. B—— was awakened in the middle of the night from his first, and scarcely begun sleep, by the convulsive jerking of his door bell. The case was urgent—it was no less than that of poisoning; a young woman near by was lying at the point of death. Of course, the doctor jumped into his clothes, and, seizing his stomach pump and medicine case, followed the messenger, who led him to the second floor of a handsome house, while he was ushered into a more gorgeous than elegant room. Everything betokened luxury and extravagance, while nothing denoted taste. From the appearance of the surroundings, the experienced medical man could scarcely believe in a case of self-poisoning, and yet he was wrong; for not only was there every symptom, but the patient and doer of the deed was, in fact, the same in person. But the good doctor had no time to make needless moral reflections, for the case demanded instant action; the young woman, in the richest negligé, was already in convulsions. The proper remedies were at once applied, and shortly she was saved from her apparently certain death. The doctor left her calmly sleeping, and thought no more of it. However, two days afterward, a man with white hair, white cravat, and a distinguished appearance, came to his office and spoke as follows:

"My dear sir, you have saved the life of a being for whom I felt a deep and genuine attachment; and at the same time you have spared me the remorse and regret which, had she died, would never have left me. I was hard, stern, and close, I admit; the poor child wanted a little carriage, such as everybody has; I refused her, and she thought I loved her no longer; therefore she tried to kill herself. I hold it as my duty to thank you personally, and consider myself through your kindness and exertion, forever obliged to you."

After this solemn address, the venerable lover laid a roll of ten franc pieces on the mantel, made his obeisance, and disappeared.

On the third day, during the doctor's consultation hours, a stout, gross man, well into the forties, appeared, with a huge brilliant in his bosom, sparkling diamonds on his fingers, a heavy gold chain, embroidered gloves, and a squeaking voice.

"My dear sir," said he, after fetching a heavy sigh, "I came to offer you my thanks on account of the little fool who tried to poison herself. She and I had a trifling scene of jealousy together; perhaps I was to blame, because I didn't fancy a young fellow that she wished to pass off as her cousin; sir, I am somewhat passionate, and I threatened to leave her; I really didn't think that the poor girl was so foolishly in love with me. If it hadn't been for you, she would surely have gone off, and would have been the third who has died for me. But everybody must live by his trade, and by this I hope to be quits with you."

And so saying, the paunchy man counted slowly, and with a solemn air, three hundred francs, in five franc pieces, on the bureau. After piling them up in three equal towers, he took his leave with a low bow.

The doctor was alone, and just a little puzzled and dissatisfied with himself. His mind running on the affair, he did not notice the half-hour which elapsed before a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of a young man of about thirty, dressed in the latest style, his hair parted in the middle, and long locks hanging from his cheeks down upon his shoulders.

"You are Dr. B——," he said.

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"I have come, doctor, to thank you for the care which you have bestowed upon one of my neighbors, a charming creature, who had the goodness to offer me a little attention, and whom I, through infidelity, threw into despair. The poor girl took the affair much more tragically than I should have believed. Really, I shouldn't have thought it of her. I'm sorry, doctor, that just now I am not in a position to show myself truly grateful. The Baccarat has treated me rather shabbily lately; but let me say to you that you may forever count upon me as a friend."

With this he stretched out his hand, contemplated himself in the glass, stroked his hair, and hopped off in a very Dundreary-like manner. The anxious reflections which the doctor indulged in after this may perhaps be imagined; but he finally resolved to visit the feminine cause of his perplexity, and so went to the recovering but unrepentant Magdalene, and said:

"The obligation which you may perhaps feel for my trifling service has expressed itself in a manner which rather confuses me. This rouleau of a hundred ten franc pieces I have received from an elderly gentleman, who appeared to be of means. Therefore, I shall keep it. But a second individual has left me a sum of money which I cannot and will not accept; it belongs to you, therefore take it and rid me of it. In regard to the other person, he only deceives you. But, at any rate, you seem to have three very devoted friends."

"Ah, sir," she murmured, "if he had loved me as much as they do, I should not have given up to despair."

"What do you say? Is there still another?"

"Of course! the ingrate of the Gaite Theatre, who has left me to go to London, where he has got an engagement. Perhaps you think I would have killed myself on account of the others?"

The physician, made callous though he was by the incidents of his life, thought this was too much, and suddenly left, taking all the money with him.

☞ Rev. Dr. McGlynn, of New York, furnishes the poor little urchins of his school with a good hot soup dinner every day.

☞ In Germany, when a paper says anything witty, they kill the editor; and not one editor has been killed there for two hundred years.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

☞ Pekin boasts of a paper which the Chinese declare is over a thousand years old. They had printing material there, they say, before Adam discovered Paradise.

☞ The London Times has a subscriber 100 years old, who has read that paper since it was first started. Such are the consequences of taking and reading any good paper.

☞ A widow in New Haven, Conn., has been sued for $20,000 for breach of promise.

☞ The new British knapsack weighs only four pounds three ounces.

☞ Stewart, the great dry goods merchant of New York, is said to have lost a round million of dollars by the shrinkage in prices.

☞ A blithesome Connecticut editor saw, a few days ago, a young girl of seraph-like beauty, who had no teeth. He explains by adding that she was only six months old.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-eow-tf

Purge out the morbid humors of the blood by a dose or two of AYER'S PILLS, and you will have clearer heads as well as bodies. dec14-2t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are a sure remedy for all sexual complaints and may be taken by females of all ages, who are suffering from a disorganized system, or those distressing diseases in particular which frequently occur (from inattention) at the turn of life. They are so mild that the most delicate female may take them with perfect safety.

As a preventive and antidote for NEURALGIA NERVE-ACHE and any similar nervous diseases, *nothing* can compete with DR. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. Its success in *toning* and *stimulating* the *nerve fluid* is beyond dispute. Apothecaries have this medicine.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th of Nov., by Friends' Ceremony, in presence of Mayor McMichael, JONATHAN P. CAWLEY, Esq., to Miss HANNAH ALLEN, both of Woodstown, Salem county, New Jersey.

On the 29th of Oct., by the Rev. G. W. Durborow, Mr. JAMES CARTON to Mrs. ELIZA S. DOWNER, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Chas. D. Cooper, AMBROSE L. CHAM to ELIZA H., daughter of Chas. H. Masson, both of this city.

On the 5th of Nov., by the Rev. Charles Hill, Mr. CHARLES J. ELDRIDGE to Miss SARAH R. RICHARDS, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, JOHN T. THATCHER to LILLIE WORTHINGTON, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, J. L. WYCKOF to SALLIE IRENE, daughter of the late Saml. Young.

On the 24th of Nov., by the Rev. Chas. Cooper, Mr. WILLIAM BRAGG to Miss SUE B. WILKINSON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, ROBERT J. HARRINGTON, aged 52 years.

On the 9th instant, Capt. BENJAMIN MCMANUS, in his 62d year.

On the 9th instant, Mr. JAMES M. MULFORD, in his 58th year.

On the 8th instant, NATHANIEL WARNER, in his 56th year.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM HUNTER, in his 32d year.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM W. WILKINSON, in his 38th year.

On the 7th instant, Miss REBECCA N. WATSON, in her 57th year.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. LORAMAH HOOD, in her 94th year.

On the 7th instant, ELIZABETH S. DAVENPORT, in her 23d year.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull. 3000 bbls of extra family sold for shipment at $10,50 for northwest and $11@12 for Penna and Ohio, 400 bbls, in lots, to the retailers and bakers, at $7,50@8,25 for superfine, $8,50@9,50 for extra, $9,75@11 for low grade and fancy northwest extra family, $11@12 for Penna and Ohio family, and $12,50@14 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. 400 bbls of Rye Flour sold at $8,50@8,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce. 18,000 bus of prime red sold at $2,55; 12,000 bus fair to good do at $2,50@2,50; 1000 bus of common do at $2; 500 bus No. 2 spring at $2,20, and white at $2,65@2,85 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye—1000 bus sold, in lots, at $1,70@1,75 ₩ bus for Penna, and $1,60@1,65 ₩ bus for Delaware. Corn—15,000 bus prime old yellow sold at $1@1,15, as to condition; 20,000 bus new western mixed at $1,23@1,25, and 10,000 bus old western mixed at $1,30. Oats—25,000 bus sold at 65@75c ₩ bushel.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of Pork at $22,50 for old, and $23 for new; $20 for prime do; and $19 for prime. Mess Beef sells at $21@22. Bacon—Sales of Hams at 16@18c; Sides at 15@15½c, and Shoulders at 12@12½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 14c, and Shoulders, in salt, at 9½@10c. Lard—Sales in tes and bbls at 12½@12½c, and kegs at 14@14½c. Butter—Sales of old at 14@30c; new at 14@35c; and roll at 20@40c. Cheese—Sales at 15@16c. Eggs sell at 35@36c ₩ doz.

COTTON—About 600 bales of Middlings sold, in lots, at 15½@17½c for Uplands, and 16½@18c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Quercitron—30 hhds of 1st No 1 sold at $36 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of Yellow at 40@41c ₩ lb.

COAL—The cargo rates are $4,25@4,50 ₩ ton for White Ash, and $4,40@4,75 for Red Ash.

FEATHERS—Western sell at 65@80c for fair and choice lots.

FRUIT—Dried Apples sell at 7@7½c. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 7@7½c, and halves at 9@9½c ₩ lb. Pared Peaches range at from 15 to 23c ₩ lb. Green Apples sell at from $4 to $6 ₩ bbl.

HOPS—Sales at 60 to 70c for crop of 1867.

IRON—Pig Iron is dull; sales of No 1 at $41; No 2 at $38, and $33 to 36 for forge. Scotch Pig is quoted at $42@43 ₩ ton.

PLASTER—We quote soft at $3,75 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—300 bus Cloverseed sold at $7@8 ₩ bus. Timothy; 200 bus sold at $4,60@4,65. Flaxseed sells at $2,45 ₩ bus.

WOOL—Sales at prices ranging from 54 to 55c for double extra; 49@53c for extra; 45@48c for fine; 40@43c for medium; 35@40c for coarse; 40@43c for tub washed; 55@57c for extra Western pulled, and 50@51c ₩ lb for No 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2100 head. The prices realized from 8¼@9¼ cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $30 to 90 ₩ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 4@5¼ cts ₩ lb. 3500 Hogs sold at from $9,50 to 10,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

New and Splendid Premium Engraving.

GEMS OF NATIVE AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The proprietors of "the oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

"WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON."

For our Premium Engraving this year we shall give the above splendid portrait of Washington, engraved by the distinguished artist, H. Wright Smith, from the celebrated picture by Thomas Hicks, N. A. This is a full length portrait, with Mount Vernon in the background, and is thirty inches long by twenty-one inches wide. No American home should be without a portrait of "The Father of his Country." This engraving, (or one of "Edward Everett in his Library," or one of last year's premiums, "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) will be sent gratis as a *Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending a club!*

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured. The following *original* serial stories are already on hand:—

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "The Morrisons," &c.

TRYING THE WORLD.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

Besides our original contributions, long and short, we also select in STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS, &c.,

THE GEMS OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES;

And also give the NEWS OF THE WEEK, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT AND HUMOR, RIDDLES RECEIPTS, CLIPPINGS, THE MARKETS, &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

No. 1.	For 3	subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth..... $55.00
" 2.	For 4	"	2.50	"	a Propeller Pencil, gold mounted, worth..... 5.00
					or a Set of Chess Men, worth..... 5.00
" 3.	For 8	"	2.50	"	one dozen Silver Plated Teaspoons, worth..... 7.00
					or half dozen Silver Plated Tablespoons, worth..... 7.00
					or half dozen Silver Plated Forks, worth..... 7.00
					or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth..... 10.00
					or a Silver Plated Castor, worth..... 10.00
					or a Set of Croquet maple, painted, worth..... 10.00
No. 4.	For 10	subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Silver Plated Cake Basket, worth..... 12.00
					or a Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, worth..... 12.00
					or a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, worth..... 12.00
" 5.	For 12	"	2.50	"	a Doty's Washing Machine, worth..... 14.00
" 6.	For 16	"	2.50	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth..... 20.00
" 7.	For 20	"	2.50	"	a Fine Double Barrel Gun, worth..... 25.00
" 8.	For 24	"	2.50	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth..... 30.00
" 9.	For 30	"	2.50	"	an Allen's Patent Breech Loading Rifle, worth..... 35.00
" 10.	For 40	"	2.50	"	a Silver Plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth..... 50.00
					or one of Spencer's Repeating Rifles, with Globe and Peep-sight, &c., worth..... 55.00
" 11.	For 50	"	2.50	"	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, worth..... 75.00
" 12.	For 60	"	2.50	"	Appleton's American Cyclopædia, 16 vols., worth..... 90.00
" 13.	For 50	"	2.50	"	a First Quality Melodeon (4 octaves) worth..... 70.00
" 14.	For 75	"	2.50	"	a First Quality Parlor Organ (4 octaves), worth..... 110.00

SPLENDID OFFER OF BOOKS.

POSTAGE PREPAID BY US.

As some may be desirous of obtaining Books instead of the above Premiums, we make this additional offer:—

We will furnish any Books on T. B. Peterson & Bros.' List of Publications, *bound in paper, or in cloth, and postage prepaid*, on the following terms:—For 2 new subscribers, at $2.50 apiece, $1.50 worth of Books; for 4 subscribers, at $2.50 apiece, $3.00 worth of Books; for 8 subscribers, at $2.50 apiece, $7.00 worth of Books; for 16 subscribers, at $2.50 apiece, $15.00 worth of Books; for 30 subscribers, at $2.50 apiece, $30.00 worth of Books; and for 50 subscribers at $2.50 apiece, $55.00 worth of Books.

The person entitled to a Premium will be allowed to select such books (bound in cloth or paper) as he may desire, out of T. B. Peterson & Bros.' publications—among which are the works of Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Bremer, Charles Lever, Captain Marryatt, Mrs. Lee Hentz, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Southworth, Dumas, Emerson Bennett, Wilkie Collins, G. P. R. James, Miss Pardoe, T. S. Arthur, Prof. Liebig, &c., &c. Also, nine different Cook Books.

T. B. Peterson & Bros.' Catalogue, with the retail prices, will be sent to any one on the receipt of a three cent stamp. The postage on these books will be *prepaid*. All the other Premiums (except the engravings) are sent at the expense of the person getting them.

REMARKS

☞ The lists may be made up for THE POST exclusively, or the LADY'S FRIEND exclusively, *or* partly *or* one and partly the other, as is desired.

☞ REMEMBER—each subscriber, on a Premium list, is to receive *in addition to his paper or magazine*, a copy of either of the large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, as he may prefer:—"WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON," "EDWARD EVERETT IN HIS LIBRARY," or "ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS." The regular club subscribers do not receive an engraving, unless they send one dollar extra for it.

Subscriptions should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines and engraving at once. Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists. The papers or magazines will be sent to different post-offices when desired.

The canvasser for a list for Premiums would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of the Premium Engraving. He can get these, either by subscribing for the paper or magazine for a year, or by inclosing us *one dollar*, for which sum we will send a copy of all three to those desirous of making up lists, but to those only. The paper and magazine, without the engraving, will be sent for twenty cents.

The Sewing Machine offered is the Wheeler & Wilson No. 3 Machine, price $55. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars, (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted.

Everything offered in our list of Premiums is guaranteed to be an excellent article. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this, the benefit of the Premiums.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The Freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—

One copy (and the large Premium Engraving).....$2.50

Address **HENRY PETERSON & CO.,**

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent, on the receipt of *five cents*.

☞ Irish citizen in grief is asked by his friend, "What's the matter?" "Matter, indade? Why, here, I insured my brother's life only two wakes ago, and yesterday he got kilt wid a derrick. And whin I came to tell these insurances they'd been after making some mistake, the blaguards thry to bribe me off with the five hundred dollars—as if I was a haythen to sell me brother's blood."

☞ Richter was once, in his advanced age, asked by a friend to explain an eloquent passage from his works, the meaning of which he found it impossible to understand. "My friend," replied the old man, "when I wrote that sentence God and I knew what it meant. God may know it still, but, for myself, I have completely forgotten it."

☞ At a meeting of the London Medical Society, Dr. Blake, a distinguished practitioner, said that he was able to cure the most desperate case of toothache, unless the disease was connected with rheumatism, by the application of the following remedy:—Alum, reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms; nitrous spirits of ether, seven drachms; mix and apply to the tooth.

☞ A Yankee editor, sneering at the stupidity of a contemporary, says: "The best thing he has got off this week is a dirty shirt."

☞ A Paris paper apologizes to its readers for having placed four marriages under the mercantile heading of "declarations of failure."

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands,—
They are neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands;—
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands keep toiling on,
That the children may be glad.
I almost weep as, looking back
To childhood's distant day,
To think how these hands rested not,
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands;—
They're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their mark
On hand and heart and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But oh, beyond this shadow damp,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;
Where crystal streams through endless years,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again—
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

LINDENHURST.

BY HAROLD KING.

CHAPTER III.

NOT NETTED.

"Really, Percival," said Branscombe the next morning, in his usual bantering way, "if you mope and keep such late hours I must pack up my tackle and be off to town. It's getting positively dull here. I can make allowance for a fellow in love, but this morning you look as though an ugly nightmare had been grinning in your face all night. Come, pitch into this bacon, it's capital, and anoint it with an egg or two."

Tom was right; I did feel out of sorts that morning; the incident of the previous evening had upset me beyond what I could have believed, and beyond what the matter probably deserved. I had spent a good part of the night in ingeniously torturing myself by forming all kinds of speculations as to the causes of the apparition, and mischievously striving to make a sublime mystery out of it. Our wills will be perverse at times, and mine had been of that humor that night. The ground-work of this feeling was irritation and annoyance, that such a thing could exist in Lindenhurst Manor House, and I not have been by this time apprised of it. It was far in the morning when I fell asleep, having resolved to wait patiently for a few hours more when I would ask Aurelia for an explanation.

"If you don't demolish more than that, doctor,—oh, I forgot to tell you, rattled on Branscombe, in his easy, careless spirit, "the people here call you the doctor."

"Doctor?"

"Yes—doctor; why, I don't know. Our landlord asked me yesterday if you were a physician from London?"

"And what answer did you give him?"

"I asked him his reason for inquiring. He only scratched his shaggy poll, apologized for asking, and said, 'As how he thought you was, you was so constant up at the big house.' This was all I could get out of him."

"But you didn't tell him why I go there?"

"Do you take Tom Branscombe for a fool? Why, what has come over you, Percival? First, you don't eat your breakfast, then you look ghastly pale, and then you suspect your old chum of being an idiot. If this is love, heaven help me from falling into it!"

"But why should they suppose me to be a physician?"

"How can I tell, man? They may have their reasons, but they are none of the sagest, I'll warrant you. As they do not know who or what we are, except as Nos. 3 and 4, you having told Johnstone not to send on any letters, they have a right, I guess, to exercise their bucolic imaginations, and write you down a doctor, and me, perhaps, your valet; for I go into the parlor of an evening to hear what the good folks have to say about themselves and their neighbors."

"But they must have a reason for calling me doctor," I urged again, seriously impressed with the idea that there must be some connection between it and the apparition I saw the previous night, about which, by-the-by, I had not told Branscombe.

"Maybe; but I wish you would eat something. You will never be fit for duty when you get back to head-quarters."

I pushed my plate and coffee-cup away in disgust, and rose to leave the room.

"Tom, I'm sorry to have been such a poor companion this morning, but something has occurred which perplexes me; I have no doubt an explanation will put all things straight, and when I return this evening I shall be as jolly as ever."

"Ah; the course of true love never did run smooth," I could hear him repeating for my consolation, as I closed the door.

When I left the Lindenhurst Arms, I intended to go direct to the house and hear what explanation Aurelia or Mrs. Blondell could give of the extraordinary vision I had witnessed overnight.

However, before I had gone far, I felt too heated to put any questions calmly; so I turned aside by the meadows and pursued the path that ran along the pebbly brook, to cool my excitement. There was something so exquisitely refreshing in the prattling of the clear, sparkling stream, leaping over mimic cataracts, or sweeping by fallen branches, that the fever within me was soon subdued. Perhaps the want of rest during the night had tended to heighten the pulse and quicken the vagaries of the brain; perhaps—but why speculate? My walk was a practical answer to all theorizing. Before many minutes were passed, I found myself gathering wild flowers that grew on the bank of the rivulet, at the risk of a ducking, and weaving them, by the aid of a few rushes, into a coronal for Aurelia. Better have devised a fantastical wreath of straws and herbs, such as Ophelia wore to mock her sorrows!

Aurelia was waiting for me as usual, ready to take our customary walk. Had there lurked any shadow of irritation on my brow when I advanced to meet her, it must have vanished at the sweet smile she gave me as she held out her hand. It was a long time before I could bring myself to refer to the subject which had so perplexed me in the morning. Not until we had reached the giant oak and sat down on one of the benches under its shelter, did I venture to mention it.

"I gave you a serenade last night, Aurelia," I observed, "but it was a silent one. Wandering about the fields in the brilliant moonlight, I found myself near the moat."

"And suppose some frightful duenna had caught sight of you, sir," replied Aurelia, laughing.

"Thank heaven, we are in no land of duennas, but in a land where love and marriage is free; and we need no female dragon to guard our angels."

"And you thought of me, you songless minstrel, and luteless lover, did you?" she observed, playfully. "It were a pity I was not awake; I might have played Juliet to your Romeo, and said—

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—
say;
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou
swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Percival,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the
world."

Juliet and Aurelia were identical, I take it, so far as sentiment went.

"You trust me now, Aurelia?" I remarked, replying to the general tenor of the lines she had quoted.

"You have pledged me your troth," she replied, "and I have confidence in you."

"And I in you." Then I added, "Had you played Juliet last night, your meeting with Romeo would have been sadly disturbed."

"Why so?"

"Mine with my invisible mistress was. Whilst I was thinking which might be your chamber, and was breathing blessings on your slumbering eyelids, I heard a fearful shriek."

The slightest shade of paleness passed over Aurelia's face; nothing more.

"A shriek?"

"A fearful shriek, and it came from the house."

I studiously avoided allusion to the pale face I had seen.

"Perhaps it was only an owl in the wood, and your imagination strained by the circumstances of the hour was startled at the wild sound."

"It was a human voice," I replied, seriously; "and I thought that perhaps you or Mrs. Blondell might be able to account for it."

"I cannot, indeed," she replied, in a voice slightly tremulous, that seemed to quiver between affirmation and denial.

"Aurelia, I think you must know what it is; excuse my doubts for the moment, but I must have an explanation," I urged, firmly.

"Would you hear the history of a crazed girl we have in the house? 'Tis nothing more, I assure you," she answered, with apparent frankness.

"You never told me you had such a being under your charge."

"Have I handed you in a list of dependents under our roof, Captain Hope? Come, let us change this subject," she added, with a slight *hauteur* in her tone and manner.

"No; not yet; I would know who this crazed girl is."

"I will answer you also; no, not yet," she replied, smiling, pouting, and assuming the airs of playful petulance which it was impossible to resist. "No, not yet; abide my time, and I will explain. Be patient and remember—the test."

We rose and continued our walk, touching no more upon the subject of the shriek. However, I was not satisfied with the summary manner in which Aurelia had dismissed the matter, and our intercourse during the day was constrained. This Aurelia felt, and in the evening put forth all her arts of fascination to keep her captive a submissive bondsman. We took but a short walk, the days drawing in rapidly at this time of the year, and the dew lying heavily on the grass. But she sang her sweetest songs, and talked with a vivacity and humor that for a while entranced me. Mrs. Blondell and Florence, too, were more than usually amiable and pleasant.

When we separated for the evening Aurelia whispered, as her words of adieu, putting on a smile of exquisite tenderness and affection, "Have faith in love."

Instead of returning to the inn direct, I veered off again into the wood, irresistibly impelled to revisit the scene of last night's adventure, if I may so call it, about which to me, at least, there hung a veil of mystery. It was no want of "faith in love" that induced me to go; it was no suspicion of Aurelia's insincerity that was the motive, although her explanation was very meagre and little satisfied me. No—I was not actuated by any such low reason. Curiosity, it may be, or pity for a poor sufferer, or, as I have said, the air of mystery in which that single chamber above all others in the house was shrouded, may have attracted me thither. I went and stationed myself on the same spot as I had occupied the previous night. All was still and quiet, not a sound disturbed the placid rest of man and nature. I was growing weary of waiting and about to retreat, when again that shrill, sharp, agonizing shriek rent the air. In an instant my eyes were turned to the window, and in another instant a pair of hands clutched the iron bars, and I heard a voice exclaiming, "Help, help!" Then there was a pair of hands visible violently struggling to unlace the other fingers from the bars to which they clung. The fingers relaxed their hold, the hands disappeared, and all was still and quiet again. The night was calm and unruffled as the sleep of innocency; there was not a sign to tell of the anguish that was breaking a human heart. So have I seen in the morning the meek and placid ocean smiling over the spot where, but a few hours before, he had dealt death and desolation.

I felt soul-sick at the scene I had witnessed, at the ghastly misery sheltered beneath that roof. I longed to know more of the history of that poor sufferer whose ineffectual struggle I had caught a faint glimpse of; I would I had not known so much. Who could have inferred from Aurelia's manner that woe dwelt with them; yet she was not heartless.

I did not at once quit the spot where I stood a trespasser, but waited half-an-hour to see if there would be a further cry of distress. But it was not repeated, and at length I emerged from the wood and began to walk back slowly, full of troubling thoughts.

As I came within a few hundred yards of the Lindenhurst Arms I could perceive an unusual bustle before the door, and had not advanced many steps further when who should come up but Branscombe.

"What's the matter, Tom?" I was about to ask, when he took hold of my arm firmly, as though he was an officer of the law and were about to take possession of my person.

"Come along, my lad; we must enter by the back door, as the people of the village are in a terrible state of excitement, and it will be dangerous to attempt to enter by the front."

"Why, what has happened?"

"Well, I can't tell you here," he said, "but when we get to my room I will explain what I have heard; it seems a strange story."

"No, I don't stir a step further till you tell me what you know; and as for that loutish rabble yonder, you and I are enough for them though they double the numbers."

The reader may well imagine that I was in no mood to be trifled with, and the sense of defiance which had been roused in me acted like a strong cordial, and dissipated for the moment the perplexities that were bewildering and unnerving me.

"Tell me, what is this all about?"

"Well, if you will know, you must. About a quarter of an hour ago a fellow came into the inn and said, that as he was passing the Manor House, he had heard a scream and a cry for help. Every one in the room cried 'Shame, shame!' and one said it was the doctor again, and that he ought to be ducked in the horse-pond; another observed, 'He will be here presently,' and in an instant every one was on his legs and the news fled through the village, and in five minutes there was a muster of all the men, women, and children, in the place. They are furious, and now waiting for your return before the inn, convinced that you are a doctor."

"Tom, we must face them; you don't suppose I am going to sneak in by the back door?"

"I don't mistrust your courage, Percival; put pity the poor creatures. Why should we let ourselves be compelled to break their heads?"

"Come, button your coat up; and if we must fight our way through, we will. There is more in this, Branscombe, than you suspect, and I would sift the matter to the bottom."

We advanced steadily up to meet the enemy, and with such an air of resoluteness and defiance, that the outposts yielded room for us to pass, only saluting us with malignant scowls. But now the throng grew thick and obstructive; still there was no show of fight, only a slight hustling and a few groans. As we drew near the door-step, however, an attempt was made to hem us in and crush us; but Tom's sturdy, disciplined shoulders, sent the wave of human bodies rolling outwards, whilst I easily clave that which intercepted my passage to the inn. When we had arrived safe and sound upon the highest step, the good people thought it time to manifest their resentment. Yells and groans greeted our ears, and every now and then a savage taunt of "there's the doctor" followed by a volley of hisses. Branscombe and I manfully maintained our position at the door, never flinching or meditating retreat.

When the clamor had somewhat subsided, and there seemed a chance of making oneself heard, I called out—

"My friends, what is the cause of this disturbance, may I ask?"

A shout of derision, and a cry, "Hark'ee, the doctor's a speakin'," followed my question.

"I can assure you, my friends," I continued, "I am no doctor."

"Hark'ee, he's no doctor, he says," cried two or three, in voices of savage skepticism.

"I can assure you I am no doctor," I repeated; "and as to the cause of this commotion, I am as innocent of it as any of you."

"Who shut Fanny Blondell up in her cage for four years?" shouted out a tall fellow with a lusty voice. And the crowd echoed sarcastically "Who?"

"I never heard of the name of Fanny Blondell till this moment," I exclaimed. "Who is she?"

This confession was received with a roar of incredulous laughter.

Tom Branscombe was getting impatient of my parleying with the crowd, and took hold of my arm to drag me into the inn. But I resisted his good intentions.

"My friends," I said, turning to the crowd, "there seems to be some mystery in this matter which it is as much my interest as yours to have cleared up. I am no doctor, but an officer in Her Majesty's Regiment of the Guards. Here is my card, and this is my friend, Captain Branscombe, also of the same regiment. If any of you can explain to me the cause of your misdirected, though perhaps just anger, he will earn my sincere gratitude."

There was a marked change in the manner of the people, when I concluded. Whether there was that in the frankness of my declaration which won their hearts, or whether the awe with which the presence of an officer in one of Her Majesty's regiments inspires the masses subdued them, certain it is that their irritation and excitement vanished, and both Branscombe and myself were treated with marked respect.

"Who, may I ask, is Fanny Blondell?" I inquired, availing myself of the favorable turn events had taken.

"Why, old Blondell's eldest daughter," cried a voice from the crowd.

"What, daughter of Mrs. Blondell, and sister of Miss Aurelia and Miss Florence?"

"'Ees," replied half-a-dozen bucolic informants.

"And is she shut up in the Manor House?" I inquired.

"To be sure she is," replied the man that first answered me. "Don't you know she is?" and the crowd seemed inclined to revert to their original incredulity at this insinuation that my ignorance was not genuine.

"No, I do not know it; but I can now readily believe it, for I heard the scream and cry of help that has been reported to you."

"And why didn't you go and rescue her?" called out one who appears to have been the wit of the parish, for everyone laughed at the idea as a good joke.

"Because," I replied, "I did not know what it meant, and intended to inquire about it to-morrow morning. But you, my friends, can give me perhaps a satisfactory explanation. Why is Miss Blondell shut up?"

"Because she is mad," cried one.

"She is no more mad than I am," replied a female voice.

"Because she's got the tin," shouted a second.

"Shame! shame!" groaned a general chorus.

"It's all the doctors' work," cried out another, "they'd swear your soul away for a guinea."

"But what motive could Mrs. Blondell have," I urged earnestly, "in confining the eldest daughter, if she be not insane?"

"Because she's got the tin," repeated the same voice that had previously offered this explanation.

"You mean she is the heiress. Have not her sisters money too?"

"Not a stiver," answered two or three voices.

"Can you presume seriously to charge Mrs. Blondell," I observed, becoming somewhat indignant at this popular denunciation of a woman who was my hostess and the mother of my *fiancee*, "with so cruel and illegal an act?"

"Why, didn't she tell old Mrs. Jervis that she wouldn't let Fanny Blondell out till she had married off the two younger girls?" exclaimed a shrill voice, sharpened with feminine indignation; "and didn't old Mrs. Jervis tell her she'd repent of it to her dying day; and didn't she say she didn't care, and that she'd do it to spite her husband, who left nearly all the property to Fanny?"

"It's the truth!" shouted several voices.

"My friends," I replied, "I am exceedingly sorry to hear the statements you have made to-night, and to-morrow shall certainly investigate them. I have only recently made acquaintance with the family, and that in London, and never heard a word about this elder sister, Miss Fanny, till now. I trust what you have told me is exaggerated or based upon misrepresentation, and that what now seems black and foul will prove to be less heinous than you believe. Still I thank you for listening to me and answering my questions; and I hope you will go quietly to your homes. Perhaps some of you are thirsty, and, if so, call the landlord to give you a mug of beer to drink the healths of my friend here and myself."

A shout of applause followed this short speech, the peroration of which produced a splendid effect, for everyone made a rush for the bar, little heeding Branscombe and myself, who retreated at once up stairs.

No sooner was the door closed than a revulsion of feeling overwhelmed me like a torrent of roaring waters.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOVEMBER.

Oh leaves, will you never be stayed,
Till all the garden is bare?
Fade! fade! fade!
They are falling and filling the air!
But what care I for the naked bushes,
So long as my darling is covered with blushes?

Oh rain, are you never to stop?
Oh sky, will you never be cleared?
Drop! drop! drop!
All over my hair and beard:
But what for the cold and wet care I,
So long as my darling be warm and dry?

Oh winds, are you always to blow?
Oh, clouds, are you never to lift?
Snow! snow! snow!
I am up to my knees in the drift!
But what care I, though it cover my head,
So long as my darling be safe in her bed?

Oh, night, so laden with ill,
Will you never, never depart?
Chill! chill! chill!
To the innermost blood of my heart.
But what care I, though I freeze where I stand,
If my darling but throw me a kiss from her hand?

A Wife's Prayer.

Lord bless and protect that dear person whom Thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him, a sharer in all his sorrows, a meet helper in all the accidents and changes in the world; make me amiable forever in his eyes, and forever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity and compliance. Keep me from all ungentleness, and discontentedness, and unreasonableness of passion and humor, and make me humble and obedient, useful and subservient, that we may delight each other according to Thy blessed Word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God forever. Amen.

☞ A foreign paper thinks that Russia may show its designs on Turkey by Christmas. That is exactly what the United States will do, whether Russia does it or not.

☞ How to make the Italian Revolution an assured success. Send the invincible and inextinguishable organ brigade as reinforcements.

ONE DUST.

On thou, 'neath Satan's fierce control,
Shall heaven its final rest bestow?
I know not, but I know a soul
That might have fallen as darkly low.

I judge thee not, what depths of ill
Soe'er thy feet have found or trod;
I know a spirit and a will
As weak, but for the grace of God.

Shalt thou with full day-laborers stand,
Who hardly canst have pruned one vine?
I know not, but I know a hand
With an infirmity like thine.

Shalt thou, who hast with scoffers part,
E'er wear the crown the Christian wears?
I know not, but I know a heart
As flinty, but for tears and prayers.

Have mercy, O Thou Crucified!
For even while I name Thy name,
I know a tongue that might have lied
Like Peter's, and am bowed with shame.

Fighters of good fights—just, unjust—
The weak who faint, the frail who fall—
Of one blood, of the self-same dust,
Thou, God of love, hast made them all.

Christmas in the Desert.

BY MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS.

PART I.

It seemed all too good to be true: the rest from labor, the swift flight across southern seas, the landing amid strange, dark faces on a burnished shore, the slow, delicious journey through tamarisk groves and palm forests, and the halt in the Desert that came at last.

I had been doing for the last twelve months what young artists and authors are constantly doing to their own ruin, and the justifiable ill-humor of critics, namely, working against the grain. A sweet, generous, and beautiful patroness seeing me on the high road to brain fever or hopeless mediocrity, stepped forward in time and sent me to the Desert. If ever I achieve anything excellent, it will be owing to that lady, the Vittoria Colonna of her humble Michael Angelo. My little sister Mary came with me, and when I tell you that she was a teacher in a school, you will easily understand what an intoxicating thing it was for her to see a new world every day and have nothing to do from morning till night. The poor child could hardly believe in an existence without Czerny's scales being played on three or four pianos at once, and a barrel organ and brass band in the street. "Oh! Tom," she would say to me a dozen times a day, "I've got C scale and 'Wait for the Wagon' on my brain, and can't get rid of them," so that I verily believe to my beautiful Vittoria Colonna Mary's present well-being is due as much as my own.

We halted at a little military station on the borders of the Great Sahara, about a week before Christmas-day. The weather was perfect, and not too warm. A delicious mellow atmosphere enveloped palm, and plain, and mosque; the air, blown across thousands and thousands of acres of wild thyme and rosemary, refreshed us like wine; we seemed to have new souls and new bodies given us, and were as free from care as the swallows flying overhead. Travellers never came to Teschoun, as this little oasis is called: but we had placed ourselves under the guidance of an enterprising Frenchman, who transacted all sorts of business on the road between Mascara and Fig-gig, the last French post in the Desert. His name was Dominique, and I shall always look upon him as the most remarkable man I ever knew. He was as witty as Sydney Smith, as clever at expediences as Robinson Crusoe, as shrewd a politician as Machiavelli, as apt at languages as Mezzofanti, and as brave as Garibaldi. Being a bachelor, Dominique was none the less ready to receive us, and with the help of an old Corsican named Napoleon, made us very comfortable. When Dominique was carrying His Imperial Majesty's mails to some remote stations southward, or gone to an Arab fair to buy cattle, Napoleon catered for us, and cooked for us, and did both admirably. Both master and servant spiced their dishes plentifully with that mother-wit, never seen in such perfection as in crude colonies where people without it would fare so ill.

"What are we to do for society for poor Mademoiselle?" asked Dominique, as he served our first dinner. "Monsieur can amuse himself with the officers of the garrison, but there are no ladies here."

"When my brother is out, I shall stay at home and talk to Napoleon," Mary said, with a mock assumption of dignity. "I don't want to be amused, Monsieur Dominique."

"Mon Dieu, Mademoiselle! the officers of the garrison will all fall in love with you, and that ought to amuse you better than talking to Napoleon," Dominique answered. "It's a very dull life they lead here, these poor officers, and if it weren't for hunting gazelles and hyenas, and playing the dence with the Arabs, they'd die of ennui; but a pretty young lady like you will turn their heads soon enough."

Mary blushed and tried to change the conversation.

"What do they do with themselves all day long?" she said.

"I'll tell you that quickly enough, Mademoiselle. M. le Commandant has to see that the Cadi gets what he can out of the Cheiks, and the Cheiks get what they can out of the tribes, and that the tribes hold their tongue. That is what the Commandant has to do, young lady, and he does it pretty well. M. le Capitaine has an easier time of it, except when there is an insurrection, and then he makes a raid against the Arabs, and after keeping his men out of their way very cleverly, sticks up the French flag somewhere in the Desert and comes home. M. le Lieutenant does odd jobs for the Commandant and the Capitaine, and plays the flute, but we have got M. le General down here for a few days, and he is setting everybody to work. I dare say the end of it will be an expedition into the Desert. You may look, Monsieur, I'm not talking at random. I assure you generals love war as umbrella makers love bad weather, and it is easier to make people fight, than it is to make it rain."

"I think French officers must be a wicked set; I hope none of them will come near us," Mary said. "The poor Arabs, how my heart bleeds for them!"

"Tiens! Mademoiselle, there is no reason for your heart to bleed. Big flies live on little ones all the world over, and if the French eat up the Arabs, the Arabs eat up each other, and would be starved else; the officers are very nice, harmless gentlemen, I assure you; and as to the Commandant, though he thinks fighting the best fun in the world, he wouldn't hurt a fly. To see him pet his little gazelle would make you cry. She's the only lady in the place, and I believe if she died it would break his heart. But people must have something to be fond of. My old Napoleon yonder has taken a fancy to a cat, and when the cat dies, Napoleon will be as lost as his name-sake the Emperor was at St. Helena. Listen a moment, that's the Lieutenant practising on his flute—he has a little lodging next door."

The Lieutenant played very prettily, and Mary seemed to like his playing much better than Dominique's stories. As her room adjoined the Lieutenant's, she seems likely to have the full benefit of his musical capacities; but I do not think she lay awake to be serenaded that night. We were fairly intoxicated with the sweet air of the Desert we had been breathing all day, and went to bed at eight o'clock, too tired and happy to dream.

Next morning Dominique informed us that he had himself delivered our letter of introduction to M. le Commandant, who promised to wait upon us in the course of the day. Not knowing at what hour we might expect him, we set to work immediately after breakfast to prepare my room for the reception of so distinguished a visitor. I helped Mary as well as I was able, and when nothing remained to do but the dusting, retired into a recess to trim my beard.

An Englishwoman is never so well dressed as when she emerges from her bedroom at early morning; and I must say that Mary looked the daintiest little housewife possible to conceive as she went about dusting and polishing in a pink cambric dress and tiny black apron. But neat as she was, and neat as my beard and the room were in a fair way of becoming, we were overwhelmed with surprise and confusion at what followed, for quite suddenly the door was thrown open, there was a military tramp and a rattling of a sword outside, and Dominique exclaimed in a voice of thunder,

"M. le Commandant."

Impassible self-possession is a beautiful quality, and whilst Mary and I stood blushing and aghast, like school children caught at stealing cherries, M. le Commandant had made a courteous speech welcoming us to Teschoun. Then we all sat down, and M. le Commandant talked to us. He was a sunburnt soldierly man, about fifty-five, with a rough manner but a kind smile, and we felt at home with him in a moment.

"I presume that Monsieur wishes to see as much of the country as possible," he said, "and I shall be enchanted to place at Monsieur's disposal, horses, and my servant and a spahis as guides. But what will Mademoiselle do whilst her brother is away? I must send her my little gazelle to play with her."

"My sister will like to go with me where it is practicable," I said.

The Commandant opened his eyes, and looked at Mary much as one looks upon a pretty little duckling or a year-old baby.

"Monsieur is evidently jesting," he answered. "Mademoiselle would be too fatigued to undertake such journeys."

"I don't think so," Mary said; "I have no fear, Monsieur, and I like to be with my brother."

"Ah, what courage you English ladies have! Well, Mademoiselle, we will find you a quiet horse, and make everything as pleasant as possible." And after inviting us to dine with him one evening and bidding us to make use of him in every possible way, he took leave of us.

"How nice he is!" cried Mary, as soon as the door was fairly closed; "if all French officers were like this one, Tom, I think we shall not care how long we stay in the Desert—"

"Your heart has very quickly ceased to bleed for the poor Arabs, I see."

"But how can we be sure that that Dominique's stories are all true? No, Tom, I won't believe any harm of this kind-looking Commandant—I only wish he had not come till the room was tidied and I had got on a muslin frock, but as we are sure of having no more visitors I'll finish your room and then unpack."

We were fairly at our work again, when another military step sounded, and another sword rattled in the passage outside. This time Dominique's arm swung back the door with less pomposity and Dominique's voice was a trifle less emphatic as he ushered in—"M. le Capitaine."

Again Mary and I scuttled about like young rabbits and then stood still staring shyly, and again our embarrassment was met by the calmest nonchalance. The second visitor was a man of much more presence than the Commandant. He had the polished graceful ease of a man of the world, and though quite as good natured as the Commandant, his good nature pleased us less, because it was less spontaneous.

"I hope you will stay some time at Teschoun," he said looking at Mary. "The ennui of our lives here is terrible. Think of it, Mademoiselle, we have no theatre, no music, no society, and no domestic life. To find a lady here is like the miraculous advent of an angel." Mary blushed and had no courage to make the sprightly answers she had made the Commandant. The fine air and grand compliments of the Capitaine overcame the little thing, but she looked distractingly pretty as she sat opposite to him, smiling and blushing when he addressed her and only saying, "Oui, Monsieur, or "Non, Monsieur," or at most—"Vraiment, Monsieur."

"Does Mademoiselle ride?" asked the gallant Capitaine.

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Then Mademoiselle shall ride my little barb; there is hardly such a horse anywhere, Mademoiselle, so docile, so sweet-tempered, and so sure-footed. It is not every lady I would trust with my little horse, but I know how an English-woman can sit in the saddle, and I am proud to offer it to Mademoiselle."

"Je vous remercie bien, Monsieur."

Then the Capitaine talked of Christmas-day.

"We will have a little fete champetre in Mademoiselle's honor," he said; "we will go to the great waterfalls of Boisel-Keber, and breakfast there. I will invite my Commandant and all the officers of the garrison. Monsieur can make a sketch, and Mademoiselle can gather flowers."

We expressed ourselves delighted at the proposal, and, after promising to send Mary ostriches' eggs and jackals' skins to take to England, the Capitaine left us.

"I don't like the Capitaine so well as the Commandant," Mary said; "but how kind they all are to us! It is as if we were princes on a journey of triumph. Oh! Tom, what days to remember are these!"

"I think your head will be fairly turned, what with the Commandant's dinners and the Capitaine's fetes champetres," I said, "and if the Lieutenant—"

"M. le Lieutenant," announced Dominique, opening the door calmly, as if nothing was the matter.

We had been twice so shocked and surprised that we had no more embarrassment to expend on the Lieutenant. Indeed, he was rather shy himself, which was the very thing to reassure a warm-hearted sympathetic little creature like my sister; and they began to talk together without any effort. He was young and handsome, with a very frank, pleasant expression.

"I am afraid that it is useless for me to offer my poor services," he said very modestly, "my superior officers having forestalled me, but it will make me very happy to do anything for you. If Mademoiselle would like any stuffed birds or dried flowers and plants, it will give me pleasure to procure them for her, and perhaps Monsieur would like me to show him some wonderful things to paint. I draw a little myself, and know where the finest points of view are to be found."

We thanked him heartily, and accepted all that he offered us. As it was now time for our second breakfast, or, more properly speaking, lunch, we pressed him to partake of it with us, which he did. We should not have ventured upon inviting the Commandant, much less the Capitaine, so unceremoniously, but the Lieutenant's diffident manner had set us quite at our ease.

"I have a very humble apartment," he said, "but if Monsieur and Mademoiselle will visit me, I will do the honors of it with pride and pleasure. I can at least offer them a little music."

"Yes, I know that you play," Mary said, smiling; "our rooms join, and I heard you playing before I went to sleep last night."

"Oh! Mademoiselle, I shall never forgive myself if I disturbed you—"

"No, indeed you did not, Monsieur. Much as I liked the music, I was too tired to listen to it, and went to sleep all the same."

Then they both laughed gleefully like children, and the Lieutenant promised to play to her and send her to sleep every night. After breakfast, he accompanied us on a tour of inspection. We soon saw all that there was to see of Teschoun, namely, a little line of bazaars kept by Jews and negroes, a little boulevard of a year's growth, two imposing-looking gates, one looking towards Morocco, one towards the Sahara, a straggling camp, and a wall of circumvallation. There were gardens in embryo here and there, but no trees of any size, and not till you had got fairly away from Teschoun, could you perceive that its aspect was striking or imposing. Then, looking back from the craggy heights that surrounded it, the white line of the camp and the belt of verdure encircling it like a ribbon, struck the eye as a pleasant contrast to the warm, yellow atmosphere of earth and sky. The warmth and the yellowness were delicious. A fresh, sweet breeze blew across our faces from the Desert. We sat down and drew it in with long, devouring breaths.

A hundred yards behind us, his bright brown body sharply outlined against the pale, amber-colored sky, stood a little Bedouin smiling down upon us.

It was a perfect personification of Eastern life, and I made a sketch whilst the Lieutenant told Mary of his hard campaign southward, and his joy at catching the first glimpse of Teschoun from the distance. When we returned home we found that the Commandant's servant had left a bunch of roses for Mary, with his master's compliments, that the Capitaine's servant had been sent round with his master's horse for her to try, and that the General had sent word by his aide-de-camp that he would do himself the pleasure of calling upon us that evening. Mary and I felt utterly overwhelmed by such goodness and condescension. A real starred, laced General was about to call on us! We could hardly believe that we were our identical insignificant selves, who, but for you, oh! most sweet and honored patroness—would have sunk under the burden of toil imposed upon us. But how all was changed! The poor unknown artist was treated as if he had been Sir Peter Paul Rubens; the humble little school teacher was feted and flattered like the wife of a conquering Commander-in-Chief.

We had invited the young Lieutenant to drink tea with us at eight o'clock, and were enjoying a little music after a very sociable fashion, when a noisy excitement seemed to shake the house like the shock of an earthquake, and M. le General was announced in Dominique's most impressive manner.

M. le General was by no means an awful looking person, and indeed we had so largely expended our surprise already, that we had no more at command. He was an excessively stout, merry person, middle-aged, of a beautiful complexion, and a capacity to wink that would have vulgarized any one else but a general. He made himself very pleasant, accepted a cup of tea, praised Mary's French, said that he intended to dine with us at the Commandant's to-morrow, and told us some laughable stories about the Arabs. I noticed that the Lieutenant seemed quite overawed by the presence of the General, and sat flute in hand, like a statue. Mary tried to put him at his ease, but to no purpose. It did not mend matters when the General began first to twit him about his musical accomplishments, and then to catechize him on military matters.

"You were in that affair of '59, in Kabylia, weren't you?" he asked in that quick, positive, military tone, to which we with difficulty get accustomed.

"Oui, mon General."

"It was a badly managed thing, I believe. The Kabyles got the better of you more than once, didn't they?"

"I believe so, mon General."

"Bah!" cried the General, turning to me. "You see what these young officers know of their trade; I have no doubt that Monsieur le Lieutenant's musical education is much more advanced, and to serenade Mademoiselle suits him much better than to make war against the enemies of his country."

And, at the mention of the enemies of his country the General indulged in a wink. When he was ready to go he sent the Lieutenant to order up his horse, much as if he had been a little boy of ten years old; and on taking leave added half a dozen commissions in the same peremptory tone. The poor Lieutenant listened very submissively, but no sooner had the General dashed down the street, followed by his servant, equally well mounted, than he grew gay and easy again.

As soon as we were alone, Mary brought out her slender supply of gala dresses, and we discussed the important subject of her toilette of the next evening.

"It seems to me," I said, "that if you dress for the Lieutenant, you will displease the Capitaine; if you dress for the Capitaine, you will displease the Commandant; and if you dress for the Commandant, you will displease the General."

Mary gathered up her fineries in alarm. "Don't you think I had better stay away from the dinner altogether, Tom?"

"By no means," I said, "settle the matter by dressing to please me."

Which she accordingly did, and the result was a semi-moresque, dainty and glowing bit of costume quite in keeping with the time and place.

PART II.

Precisely at seven o'clock we presented ourselves at the Commandant's, Mary looking very pretty in her transparent white dress, brilliant sack of Tunis silk, and necklets and bracelets of coral and palm-seeds. That little thing had such loving dark eyes, such a soft bloom on her cheeks and such a sweet mouth, that I could hardly blame the General for wishing to have her sit beside him at dinner. The Commandant being a little shy, would have given up all his privileges as host, but the General insisted upon the Commandant leading her in, and she sat between the two. It was very mortifying for the Capitaine and the Lieutenant; the former made an effort to be complimentary and entertaining across the table, but the latter looked quite crest-fallen, and hardly raised his eyes from his plate. When we retired to the drawing-room matters went a little better. The tame gazelle was brought in for Mademoiselle Marie to see, and whilst the General and the Commandant had a long discussion on military affairs, the rest of us sported with the pretty creature and made pleasant plans for the morrow. Then an amusing game of cards was set on foot, over which we were growing very merry, when up came the General and the Commandant.

"Eh, bien!" said the General, slyly nudging the Capitaine. "We have not been so engrossed but we heard one or two pleasant things talked of. Upon my word, Capitaine, I am half disposed not to go to Mascara till after your picnic to the waterfalls."

"You will do my poor little fete great honor, mon General," answered the Capitaine, adding naively, "but I think that the wild geese flying northwards mean rain."

"Not a bit of it. We shall have no rain till a fortnight after Christmas. Mademoiselle Marie, I shall do myself the honor of offering you one of my horses to ride—"

"Mademoiselle has already condescended to accept mine," the Capitaine put in with stiffness.

"Mademoiselle Marie, this gentleman has no horse fit to carry a lady. The brute he offers you has no more mouth than an elephant. Keep on the safe side and ride mine, which is a lamb, I assure you, Mademoiselle—a lamb."

The General spoke in jest, but the Capitaine was very near losing his temper. Mary being thus appealed to, thought to extricate herself from the difficulty by declaring herself half afraid of riding either horse, being an inexperienced horsewoman. But both the gentlemen had mules, and both the gentleman's mules were the best. Poor Mary colored and looked at me in despair.

"I think," I said, "that the safest plan will be for my sister to try the horses and see which suits her the best."

Then the different routes to the waterfalls were discussed, and the different *Douars* or Arab villages where it would be best to have a Diffa or feast provided, Mary's judgment being asked in every instance. All this time the Lieutenant had turned over the leaves of a newspaper very meekly, and the Commandant had caressed his tame gazelle. As soon as she could politely free herself, Mary went up to him.

"How pretty and playful and fond it is!" she said, stooping down to stroke the little creature. The grave face of the Commandant brightened.

"Yes, it would be very *triste* here without the little thing."

"Do you never go to France, Monsieur?"

"I shall perhaps go in two years' time, but you see, Mademoiselle, that is a long time to look forward to, and if my mother should not be living, I might as well stay here."

"Do you like fighting the Arabs in the Desert, then, Monsieur?"

"Mademoiselle, when one takes up the profession of arms, fighting and exile are *choses entendues;* I often sigh for a settled domestic life, but I might have been worse off. I might have gone to Mexico, for instance."

The Commandant's manner was so simple, so manly and so tinged with sadness, that I think any woman would have sympathized with him as much as my little sister Mary did. She, poor child, having lived all her life in a school-room, was quite ready to make a hero of any man who smiled kindly upon her; and here were four heroes, in handsome uniforms, all smiling upon her at once! There was the sweet sense of youth drawing her to the Lieutenant, but I think

the Commandant stood next in her favor, and she could not for a moment forget the courteous kindness of the other two.

"It must be all a dream, Tom," she said, as she gave me her good-night kiss; "but oh! if it is a dream, don't let me wake yet."

We dreamed some wonderful things in the next few days. Dominique made us get up one morning very early, and drove us in his little wooden gig to an Arab encampment miles away in the Desert. It was dawn when we started, and large, pale stars were shining in a violet sky; then, like a gorgeous butterfly emerging from a dusky chrysalis, came the Eastern day, and we felt as if living on a world warmed by a hundred suns. The warm, intoxicating light took possession of our senses, and so sweet, so rarefied, so indescribably delicious was the air, that it seemed to give wings to our dull bodies. Every now and then we were overtaken by clouds of locusts, their little wings glistening like diamonds against the soft sky, or flocks of starlings darkened the air, or a serried line of wild geese passed majestically overhead. Then we came to the tents, and at our approach a dozen dogs rushed out to snap and snarl, and a hundred little naked children scampered and scuttled across the way. A stately Bedouin made us welcome, and whilst Dominique transacted business with him, his women gathered round us, chattering and grinning like children. Then we were feasted upon cous-cous-sou and figs, and took leave after many salamaleks.

Another day we went out hunting gazelles, bivouacking along a river side, and feasting, Arab fashion, off a sheep roasted whole. Dominique had found a pretty little French girl, daughter of a travelling farrier, to act as Mary's handmaid; and she now felt less isolated among so many men, and less shy too. The poor child stood a fair chance of being spoiled, what with suddenly finding herself transformed from a school-room Cinderella to a fairy-tale princess, and having four lovers, all heroes, at once. For it was impossible to deny that the General, the Commandant, the Capitaine, and the Lieutenant, all behaved like lovers, presenting her with jackal skins, ostriches' plumes and eggs, rare birds, and other treasures of the Sahara. The General went so far as to give her a little negro boy about ten years old, though this gift we had accepted only temporarily, not quite knowing what to do with him when we left Teschoun.

Christmas-day came at last. Mary had artfully evaded the delicate point about horses, by declaring herself afraid of every one's beast but Dominique's; accordingly, mounted on Dominique's ugly hack, she led the way with the General, her long, bright hair flowing in curls over her shoulders, her cheeks glowing with excitement. The pleasure and picturesqueness of the last few days—for Mary had an artistic perception of beauty—had brought out a new side to her character; and she quite surprised me from time to time with her saucy humor and quick repartee.

We made a brilliant cavalcade, what with the uniform of the officers, and the richly embroidered saddles and bright-red burnouses of our attendant spahis. After riding for some miles across a monotonous tract of stony desert, we came to a majestic sierra of crag, down which fell a dozen waterfalls, narrow and bright as sword-blades. A thin little stream threaded the ravine, and on its banks grew clumps of the tamarisk, the oleander, and the thuya, making an oasis grateful to the eyes. Here we sat down and ate our Christmas breakfast, with stray thoughts of village bells chiming at home in England, and school children lustily singing their Christmas hymns.

Our host, the Capitaine, had provided a sumptuous feast of desert fare, roast quails and plovers, cous-cous-sou, figs, dates, and bananas, with the addition of champagne: and we were very merry.

"Mademoiselle," said the Capitaine, "think what our next Christmas will be if you are not here. Persuade Monsieur, your brother, to purchase some land between Mascara and Teschoun, so that we shall not lose you altogether."

The General nudged the Commandant.

"You see what our friend the Capitaine is dreaming of! Mon Capitaine, your escadron is sure to be sent into the interior this spring; put all romances out of your head, my dear fellow, and do not entice Monsieur into the committal of follies."

"I am not the only one to entertain romances," said the Capitaine, coolly. "You, mon General, did us all the honor to spend Christmas at Teschoun. We can but attribute such a condescension to the gracious influence of Mademoiselle."

"Look well after the Commandant when I am gone, gentlemen," continued the General, looking round with a smile. "Matters are gone so far already that he loses temper if a fellow-officer but jests with him. What a terrible slur it would be upon the glorious annals of French-African conquest, if such a brave officer should show himself fonder of stuffing birds for an English demoiselle than running swords through ungrateful Arabs!" and the General looked round with a very comical expression of mock horror.

"Mademoiselle has indiscriminately accepted our tokens of homage," the Commandant said, maliciously.

"But it yet remains to be seen whose offering has been most acceptable to her," went on the General, adding *au grand sérieux*, "we won't resort to duels unless absolutely necessary."

This sort of banter lasted so long that poor Mary's cheeks burned with mixed vanity and mortification, and she made an excuse to leave us.

"And what does our Lieutenant advise Monsieur to do?" asked the General, "to settle here, or to follow his escadron to the Desert?" whereupon the poor Lieutenant colored, and said nothing.

What an experience it was, that Christmas-day in the Desert! The noonday sun seemed to dissolve in the warm atmosphere: and instead of a single orb, shining overhead, large and golden, we had melted suns innumerable about us, and almost lost the sense of corporeity in their charmed medium.

When the short, bright day waned, and the large stars were coming out one by one, we found ourselves near home; and when the Heavens had turned to bluish black, and the stars to splendid silvery moons, we passed under the gate of Teschoun, and saw our shadows, darker and deeper than real things, fall across the white walls of mosque and fortress. For shadow and substance lose their identity in the Desert, and one is always on the point of mistaking the one for the other: if anything, shadow is the more real of the two.

So absorbed was I in the suggestions of this mysterious beauty, that I had forgotten all about my sister's lovers, till we were fairly in our little sitting-room. Then Mary began to sigh and to blush, and to hint that she thought we had better leave Teschoun very soon.

"You see, Tom, dear," she said, with tears in her eyes, "the General says he adores me; and the Commandant says he never loved any one in the world till he saw me; and the Capitaine says that if I go away he will blow his brains out—and what am I to do?"

"And the Lieutenant—what did he say?"

"He says nothing," said Mary, looking down, "and"—here came a sob—"and I like him best of all!"

"But, if he does not declare the same liking for you, we must leave him out of the question, and choose between the other three, I suppose."

"He does not speak, because he is too modest; I'm sure he likes me," Mary added, still ready to cry.

"His state of feeling does not help us much, unless expressed," I replied: "meantime, what am I to say to the General, the Commandant, and the Capitaine, if they ask to marry you?"

The little thing plucked at the fold of her riding skirt in the greatest perplexity.

"I like the General, and I like the Commandant, and I ought not to dislike the Capitaine; but I cannot marry one without offending the others, and, if I were to marry out here in the Desert, Tom, would you stay too?"

We had been living in such utter fairy-land lately, that I felt as if it were quite possible for me to marry some brown-skinned, soft-eyed Rebecca, and turn Mahometan. But, in my case, could I desire for my sister a happier fate than to marry one of these brave gentlemen, and live in the sunny South all the rest of her days? She would be rescued from a life of toil and friendliness, and have another protector besides her Bohemian of a brother.

"My dear child," I said, "it would be impossible for me to say that our lives should be spent together; but you may be quite sure that nothing would utterly divide them. The chief point is—of all your lovers, whom do you love?"

To this question, I could elicit no positive reply. Mary, in fact, was half in love with the General and the Commandant, and wholly in love with the Lieutenant, and was quite incapable of deciding her own fate.

"You must not laugh at me," she said simply, as we bade each other good-night, "it is so new to me to have lovers, and so delightful, that I wish I could go on forever being happy, and making them happy, without marrying either." Then she blushed, and ran off to bed.

The next morning we were taking our early coffee, when we heard a clatter of horses' feet, and looking out, saw one of the General's splendid brown-skinned red-cloaked spahis dashing into the town at a furious rate. He pulled up at Dominique's door, and, letting his little barb prance and rear at will, looked towards us, showing his white teeth, and waving a letter in one hand.

I left my breakfast, and ran down to him. We exchanged "salamaleks," and then he put the letter in my hand, adding in broken French,

"Le General—envoyer cela—va faire la guerre—la-bas." Then he put spurs to his horse's flanks, and dashed away as fast as he had come.

I broke the seal of the General's letter, which ran as follows:—

"MONSIEUR—This morning at daybreak I received telegraphic information* that a serious rising has taken place among the tribes southward of Fig-gig, and I have resolved to march upon them without delay. Judge, Monsieur, how more than sorry I am to be forced to quit the society of your charming sister and yourself without making my adieux; but a soldier's duty forces him from the consummation of his fondest desires, when such a consummation seems close at hand, and I go, if not with joy, at least without unsoldierly reluctance. I shall never forget, monsieur, this episode, an oasis in the Desert of my military life, and, whilst wishing for Mademoiselle and yourself all possible prosperity, I hope you will remember Teschoun and the poor exiled officers there, who will never think of you both without regret.

"I feel it right under the grave circumstances of the revolt to advise your speedy return to Mascara, and will order a trusty escort to be in readiness for you when you shall require it.

"Meantime, receive, Monsieur, the expression of my utmost esteem.

"DE MARION."

We were both of us talking over the astounding contents of the General's letter, when Napoleon came in full of news. The insurgents numbered thousands, and there were skirmishing parties close to Teschoun. Teschoun would be most likely besieged, as it had been more than once, &c., &c. As the day wore on, the excitement increased. Little groups of French or Jewish shopkeepers collected together, and talked gravely, Arabs walked about in stately fashion, smiling superciliously. In the French camp it was the old story on a lesser scale—

"And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed."

And so great was the need for hurry, that we doubted whether we should see either of our gallant hosts again. Late in the afternoon, however, the Capitaine paid us a formal, sentimental visit, and after him came the good Commandant, who stood up before us, square and stiff, and stammered out a word or two with tears in his kind eyes. Mary held out her little hand; but he seemed overcome with shyness or sadness, or both, and rushed away without having taken it.

Last of all, when we had quite given him up, came the poor Lieutenant; he had been busy on a hundred errands for his superior officers, and had only five minutes to spare. We can never do anything with a few last moments, and Mary and the Lieutenant had not a word to say to each other, though I could see well enough what both would fain have said.

So I quietly left them under the pretext of fetching a cigar, and when I returned, at the close of the fifth minute, all that was necessary had been said. We then embraced each other after the hearty French fashion. Mary and the Lieutenant exchanged rings, and he went off to fight the disaffected Arabs as happy as a king!

It was a fine sight to see the troops march out of Teschoun. Color is really color in the South, and the lines of blue Zouaves and crimson Spahis against the mellow afternoon sky, were vivid and picturesque beyond description. On they went, arms flashing, drums beating, colors flying, till the last column had turned the hill, and then evening came on all at once, and we felt a dreary sense of disenchantment creeping over us. It was as if we had been dreaming during the last few weeks, and now we were waked indeed! Dominique recalled us to ourselves with a cynical smile.

"Bah!" he cries, "it's all play, let 'em pretend to put down insurrection as often as they please. It is good for trade and for promotion, and the Arabs know how to defend themselves."

But events falsified this sarcasm of Monsieur Dominique's, for the insurrection proved to be serious, and it was months before we heard of our Lieutenant.

When we did hear, the news was good; and the news of him, and of his English wife, for all things turned out between him and Mary just as they should, has been good ever since.

*There is telegraphic communication further south than this.

Winter in the House.

There are many beautiful botanical experiments which can be conducted in the parlor during winter which are not embraced generally in the list of flowers and vines to be found in our parlors and windows.

How many of our fair readers have the beautiful vine of the *sweet potato* running over their mantelshelf? This pretty sight can be enjoyed by placing a sweet potato in a tumbler or other glass vessel, filled with water, passing a pin through the tuber so as to keep the lower end from one to two inches from the bottom of the vessel. Keep on the mantelshelf, in a warm room, and every day give it sun for an hour or two, and in a few days rootlings will begin to appear, aiming for the bottom of the vessel, and in two or three weeks the eye will begin to shoot and rapidly grow and run upon suspended twine or any little trellis-work prepared for it. The *dioscorea batatus* is the prettiest for this purpose, when it can be obtained.

The "Morning Glory" can be propagated in parlor windows, where there is some sun, to perfection during winter; it flowers with its natural colors, and the delicate little vine can be made to run over the windows. A hanging vase is the prettiest for this.

Suspend an acorn by a cotton thread so as nearly to touch the water in a glass vessel, (a hyacinth glass is perhaps the best) set upon the window or mantel, and let it remain there for eight or ten weeks, more or less, without being interfered with, except to supply the evaporation of the water, and the acorn will burst, and as it throws a root down into the water, a sprout or stem will be sent upward, throwing out beautiful little green leaves; thus giving you an oak tree, in full life and health within your parlor!

Again, tie a piece of lace over a tumbler, letting it down about half-way; put in some sweet peas, fill with water so as just to cover the peas; in a little while roots will appear and seek the bottom of the tumbler, then the vine appears and can be trained on a twine or support, and it will soon begin to show its pretty flowers.

There are many of the mosses which can be very successfully grown in the house through the winter, and with the foregoing afford an interesting and refined enjoyment for the feminines of a family and a real pleasure to all who have a taste for the beautiful to witness. We trust to see a greater inclination on the part of the ladies to introduce into their houses this most agreeable addition to their domestic pleasures.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A Household Necessity.

A household where woman reigns alone, freed from the domination of her natural enemy—an entirely female establishment, leavened by no admixture of the masculine element—is a very dreary thing. The man of a family may be, and often is, a very inferior animal to his womankind; made of infinitely poorer, commoner clay. He may be a coarse, surly brute, all body and no soul worth speaking of, or a soul wrapped up and enfolded in swine and turnips, or in gray shirting, or brown sugars, or pill-boxes and blisters. Even so, the sound of his heavy boots on the stairs; or his gruff, untuneful voice, mixes harmoniously and healthily with the woman's noiseless, cat-like foot-falls and shrill treble pipes. Good is his unbeautiful face at dinner; good are his dull anecdotes, that yet bring a whiff of the outer world with them; yea, good are his very hat and dreadnought in the hall. Women's minds are apt to get narrowed, shallowed, soured (the best women's have an undeveloped tendency that way) if they have not some male intellect to rub against, and be wholesomely jostled and buffeted and sweetened by.

☞ The following quaint epitaph on husband and wife is to be seen in one of the Parisian cemeteries:

"I am anxiously expecting you.—A. D. 1827."

"Here I am.—A. D. 1867."

So the good woman was forty years making up her mind to follow her husband.

☞ Peanuts have been raised in several parts of Iowa this year. They are as easily raised as potatoes, and a much surer crop.

First Love.

"Love is and was my lord and king," but my loyalty towards it is tempered by reason; I do not say by years, for it is the middle-aged (male) who, in my opinion, are most liable to peril from it. This is an heretical view, I know; for First Love is considered to be the most rapturous and enthralling of all the stages of this singular epidemic; the virgin honey of all the sweet products of that hive. But let us investigate this matter a little. A young gentleman who tastes good gooseberry wine for the first time, may well imagine that there is no better effervescing thing; such as Clicquot. He may have an admirable palate, but he has no experience of what is really excellent; he is very thirsty, and the cool and sparkling draught seems to leave nothing to be desired. Mind, I do not even venture to affirm he does not enjoy that gooseberry at the time, better than, with a cultivated taste, he will subsequently enjoy Clicquot; but that does not alter the comparative merits of the vintages. And suppose we accede to his desire, and give him gooseberry for his life; suppose we let him compound for it, as it were, on the understanding that he is never to touch Champagne hereafter; would not that be a dangerous kindness to do the young fellow; a present gratification, at a very considerable future sacrifice? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, I believe it would. For what is this First Love "when it comes to be fried," as the practical though vulgar Yankees have it? what *can* it be but a mere passionate fancy? In the rare cases where young folks have been brought up with one another—loved one another, at first, like brother and sister—and who, afterwards, long to be more closely united, the affair is different; there is something of experience, of knowledge of each other's failings, of certainty of each other's virtues; there are grounds, however limited, for mutual confidence—but in case of First Love, at first sight, there are no extenuating circumstances to mitigate the rashness. To marry, under such circumstances, is like seeing some beautiful flower in a foreign garden; which you at once eagerly demand, purchase at a high price, and transplant to your own plot at home, without consideration of soil or climate. You have not the slightest idea whether, under the new conditions, it will whither or flourish. It was such a very pretty flower that you never considered that matter at all. When the tulip that you gave so many guineas for, fades, or worse, it will be idle to say: "If I buy tulips again, at such a price, then I'm a Dutchman."

Perhaps the true reason, after all, why this First Love is so highly considered by persons not given to any sort of enthusiasm, is that it is common to our race. Even the most calculating and selfish of men, at the first dawn of adolescence, experience some emotion of the sort, and since it is the nearest approach to poetic feeling which they ever entertain, they are prone to magnify its importance. And it is owing, most likely, to this circumstance that the idea of Love which the poets have conceived is the sense in which it is understood by the vulgar. *The poets are always young*; their hearts are fresh; their imagination clothes the object of their ardor in the most becoming hues; they are passionate and impulsive; so that in a sort of way all Love is to them as First Love. They have a capability for the passion, such as the Prosaic never possess; and (between ourselves) they are always dowered with the faculty of falling in love with *two or three Beloved Objects at a time.* Now, an ordinary man does not do this with more than two; but with two very often, and in this manner.

Polly (suppose) is his darling: Polly is a blonde, with eyes like the violet, and hair (worn in native curl-clusters) which looks like light brown flecked with gold (I say "looks like," for nobody knows now-a-days what is the true color of a young lady's hair, or even whether she has any of her own or not); her gaze thrills him; her whisper throbs his pulses with the fulness of the spring; their spirits rush together at the touching of their lips. Above all, she is devotedly fond of him. Fate, however, parts them for a space. Her cousin Kitty is thrown very much into his company. Kitty is a brunette, with eyes like the sloe; her hair, which is her own (quite by accident it once came undone in his presence), reaches to her heels, and looks like the raven's wing; above all, she is devotedly fond of him. At first, he struggles to be loyal; he writes as usual, although not in so impassioned a style as before, to Polly; but opportunity and Kitty are too much for him; he feels that *she* is tugging at his heartstrings also. Presently, there comes a day when his waning affection for the one, and his growing affection for the other, are at *exactly the same level.* He is in love with two women at the same time. This may last for a little while; about the same time as an eclipse takes; then gradually poor Polly withdraws from between him and her rival altogether, and she reigns alone in his firmament. *Her* whisper throbs, &c.; *their* spirits rush together, &c.—*London Periodical.*

☞ A novel case has just been tried in the Circuit Court at Kenosha, Wisconsin. Mr. Mason had conveyed to Mr. Washburn his farm, and had taken from the latter a bond for his maintenance during life. The bond expressed, among other things, the providing of food and drink. Mr. Mason claimed that whiskey was one of the necessaries for his proper maintenance, because the peculiar condition of his health required it. Mr. Washburn declined to furnish him intoxicating drinks, alleging that they were not essential to his physical life. Whereupon Mr. Mason brought a suit for damages. Four physicians were sworn, and gave testimony in respect to the necessity of spirituous liquors in the case of Mr. Mason. We are not informed of the general import of the testimony, but that the plaintiff obtained a verdict of $52.

☞ Murderers in England are reported to be, in proportion to the whole population, one in every 875,000; in Holland, one in 163,000; in the North German Bund, one in 100,000; in Austria, one in 77,000; in Spain, one in 4,000, and in the Papal States, one in 750. (Doubtful.)

☞ What nose is more brilliant than a toper's nose? Why, volca-nos, to be sure. Pat remarks that the chief glow of each comes from the "crater."

French Barbers.

A gentleman travelling in Europe gives his experience of French barbers, and how they doubly shave their customers, in the following lively description:—

Here, in Paris, as I presume in every other part of the world, the individuals with whom you are brought in contact will take an advantage, if they can, of the stranger. Shortly after my arrival I met one of our passengers in a towering passion. He had gone to a barber-shop to get shaved. While the operation was being performed the artist kept asking him whether he would not have this cosmetic on his head, and that oil on his hair, and so on. My friend replied in the affirmative to every question which he was asked, and when he got through, in reply to a demand as to the charge, monsieur was informed that it was only twenty-six francs —$5.20! Warned by his experience, your correspondent entered one of these shaving shops in a double sense, with the determination not to be fleeced. A gentleman whom he had never seen, to the best of his knowledge, rushed forward to meet him, with the enthusiasm of an old and very dear acquaintance. Monsieur, he presumed, desired to be shaved; and being answered in the affirmative, set about the work with an ardor that showed there was more of friendship and deep respect than mere business considerations in his actions. Monsieur must have been to sea; his face is very much sunburnt. They had a delightful preparation, which would restore the skin to its usual color in an incredible short space of time; would monsieur like to see it?" "Oui, monsieur," was the response, and the precious fluid was placed on the dressing-table before him, for his admiration. Monsieur's hair is beginning to turn gray; it was an established fact that if hair was subjected to the most extraordinary and delightful compound which they manufactured in that house, the change would be arrested immediately, and grayness and baldness kept at bay. It only costs twelve francs a bottle. "Would not monsieur like to see it?" "Oui, monsieur," and this wonderful mixture was placed beside the other on the dressing-table. It is very strange, but one side of monsieur's moustache grew more heavily than the other. The difficulty could only be removed by an application to the sterile spot. It would never do to clip one side down to suit the other. After a great and laborious search they had found a grease which would make hair grow upon a Mosaic floor; it only costs fifteen francs. "Would not monsieur like to see it?" "Oui, monsieur," and this sort of thing until, in short, the dressing-table was literally piled up with pomades, lotions, fluids, extracts, and I do not know what, to the value of at least one hundred francs. As soon as the shaving was over, I inquired what was the cost, and was informed "a half franc" (ten cents,) which I of course cheerfully paid, and turned to go, when the artist in his blandest manner inquired where I would have all the articles which he had piled upon the table, and the inestimable value of which could not be set forth in any known language, sent, and your correspondent replied with the greatest degree of composure possible under the circumstances, that upon the whole he thought he should not invest that day. There was no knowing what he might do in the future, but for the present he had no idea of setting up a perfumery-shop. The change which the artist about this time underwent was truly wonderful. All his blandness at once forsook him. He looked sacre with a tremendous roll on the R, if he did not pronounce it, and opened the door in rather a testy and contemptuous manner.

I cannot dismiss the subject of barber-shops without remarking that there is not in all France a place where the art of shaving, as practiced in America, is understood. You are placed sitting in an upright chair, and the barber goes to work upon you as if you were a dead pig. When he gets through, you have to go and wash your own face, and then the artist condescends to run a comb once or twice through your hair. I have just met an old California merchant, who has "barber on the brain" in a most violent form. He assured me that he has travelled over nearly three-fourths of Europe to find a barber's-shop where he would not daily be put to the torture, but failed in his mission.

TOO SMART FOR THE MINISTER.—An acquaintance of ours who has a bright, keen little girl in her family, related to us yesterday the following incident:

The family were dining, when the conversation turned upon an excursion about to take place. A clergyman at the table spoke to the little girl and asked her if she could repeat the alphabet backwards. She said, "No, sir," when the gentleman remarked, "Then you can't go on the excursion." She looked very demure for a moment, when she asked, "Can you say the Lord's Prayer backwards?" "No, dear." "Then," replied the girl, "you can't go to heaven." Her interrogator stopped.

☞ Foul language has been banished from the Austrian camps. By an imperial edict all officers are required from this time to address common soldiers as "you" and not as "thou;" the latter formula indicating either excessive intimacy or contempt. Superiors addressing inferior officers, sub-officers and soldiers, are also in future to add to their names the title of their rank. Swearing at inferiors is strictly forbidden. It is a pity swearing at the men could not be forbidden in our own army.

☞ One evening at a social gathering a young lady played a piece of music consisting of twenty-four pages. A gentleman, in referring to it next day, said they were favored with music by the *quire.*

☞ A stock company is being formed in this city to go into the rather novel business of manufacturing ladies' rubber bosoms under a new patent.—*Springfield Republican.*

☞ George Francis Train is said to show his shrewdness in keeping such appreciative company as Susan B. Anthony, who calls him "a splendid specimen of a man, with a magnificent physique, who, with many eccentricities, has a most lovely disposition."

☞ "Tom Brown," M. P., suggests that steamers crossing between Dover and Calais should carry a supply of balloons, and that people should make ascensions in them, being held down by a rope, thus avoiding seasickness.

An Eccentric Character.

Major H—— was an officer in the King's service, who served on the Madras Presidency, some thirty or forty years ago. He became attached to a native lady, named Fyzoo; never, I believe, regarded her with anything but honorable views, and married her. She bore him three children (one of whom is now an officer in the army) and died, leaving the youngest an infant, who bore the mother's name. Major H—— quitted India upon the death of his wife, and brought her remains with him to England in a leaden coffin. Shortly after his arrival the little Fyzoo likewise died, and her father had her remains in the same manner preserved. Every circumstance in Major H——'s story was peculiar, and took great hold of my imagination, when in my early youth I came from a remote country place to the part of Surrey where he had his residence. It was an old brick house, with pointed roofs, massive window frames, tall narrow doors, winding stairs, dark passages, and all other approved materials for a regular haunted house. A high brick wall with a dead gate surrounded the garden in which the house stood—all was in character—the straight turf walk, the clipped yews, the noble linden trees, and the look of neglect and wildness that pervaded everything. On ringing for admission the gate would be opened by an old woman, whose appearance used to rouse all sorts of strange ideas in the mind of an urchin fresh from the country. She had been the nurse of little Fyzoo, and had in that capacity attended her charge to England. As such she was much valued by her master, and continued to live with him till his death. I well remember her shrivelled black face, her white hair and emaciated form, (with her Indian dress, that was in itself a curiosity to my young eyes), and her broken English. I believe Major H—— was never seen outside of the walls of his garden; and he had so cut himself off from all his relations and friends that it was not generally known that in that old house he kept enshrined the bodies of his wife and daughter. His two elder children as they grew up, went to live with other relatives, and his sole companion was an old widow lady, as eccentric as himself. In a room within his own a bed was laid out, covered with rich Indian silks, and fancifully decorated; on that bed lay the mother and child, in their long last sleep; and in this room Major H—— passed the greater part of his time. This, I believe, is the simple narrative; but of course much of mystery and exaggeration was added to the stories circulated of the three singular characters who inhabited the old house, and the supernatural beings who were suspected to reside with them. At length Major H—— died, after about twenty years of this strange existence. His death was quite sudden; and so many suspicions had been connected with his seclusion, that an inquest was held on his body. Thus the scenes that had so long been shrouded from the public ken were thrown open; when the officials came to examine the house the two coffins were brought to light, and this discovery of the remains of two human beings caused a further investigation. It was a strange scene—on a cold December day—that old house thrown open to all whom curiosity might lead there, the bustling magistrates and their satellites peeping and peering into every cranny for a solution of the mysteries. The old lady, and the still older dhyes, flitting like ghosts about the desecrated shrine, their strange tale long disbelieved by the authorities, while there lay the unconscious cause of all this tumult—the hardly cold body of the old soldier, the long crumbled dust of his Eastern bride and of their infant child. At length the coroner was obliged to receive the real story, however incredible it seemed, and the three bodies were committed to one grave.—*The Englishman in India.*

"The Line."

In "Les Idees de Madame Aubray," Dumas the younger has made beautiful use of the expression "*la ligne*," which has heretofore been a word of the studios, as, for example, "the line of beauty," "the line of curve," "the line." But Dumas has so charmingly applied the word as descriptive of a beautiful and graceful woman, that hereafter, in order to express one's sense of satisfaction, it will only be necessary to say that a lady is "*comme il faut*," but that she has "*la ligne*." Dumas says, in answer to the question, "What is *la ligne*?" "It is this: without being a painter, when you see a woman passing, if it seems to you that by a single sweep of the pencil you can trace the profile of her figure from the feather in her hat down to the hem of her robe, she has *la ligne* whether she walks or halts, or laughs or weeps. Whether eating or sleeping, she is always within the requirements of the artist's pencil. If a gale of wind comes tearing along as we often have it here on the beach, while other women seek shelter, sit down or huddle together, stretching forth their hands to keep their dresses quiet, with ridiculous movements and grotesque attitudes, she continues in the even tenor of her way, neither hastening nor retarding her steps. The wind catches her furiously in its arms, her skirt is blown forward and backward, to the right and the left, yet she calmly walks on. She knows herself. She has nothing to fear. That which is a shock to another is a caress to her; that which was flat becomes round; that which was doubtful becomes evident; you are certain that these feet are small, that these ankles are pure and elegant. These are the kind of women with whom a man might become madly in love a hundred feet away, from one end to another of a street, without ever having seen their faces. Terrible creatures are they for ordinary men, for they know their power; and if you were to place your heart in their pathway they would not turn aside but walk tranquilly over it, so that they should not disarrange '*la ligne*.'"

☞ A singular accident befel a girl in Derby, Conn., one day last week. In descending a flight of stairs she caught her foot in one of her hoops and fell headlong. One of the springs cut clean through the cords and ligaments above the kneepan, and opened the joint. It is thought that the wound will cripple her for life.

☞ "I hope this hand is not counterfeit," said a lover as he was toying with his sweetheart's fingers. "The best way to find out is to *ring* it," was the neat reply.

From the Christian Advocate, N. Y. City.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—The business of this enterprising company (whose central houses are at 31 and 33 Vesey street in this city, and whose advertisements have appeared from time to time in the *Christian Advocate*) has already become immense, and is yet constantly increasing, a fact which speaks most complimentarily of its management, and commends it still more widely to the confidence of the public.

☞ Louis Napoleon is not only a severe corrector of his speeches on the opening of the Chambers, but of all his printed works. For instance, the second volume of the "Life of Cæsar" was ready for binding when he discovered a fault in the distribution of the chapters, and ordered the whole volume to be reprinted. Some of its pages have been corrected and reprinted twenty-seven times.

☞ A western journalist, whose wife had just presented him with twins, and who, for this reason, was compelled to neglect his paper for one day, wrote, the day after, the following excuse:—"We were unable to issue our paper yesterday in consequence of the arrival of two extra *males*."

☞ A paper published in Kansas, some years ago, and called the *Quindaro Chindowan*, died because no one could pronounce its name.

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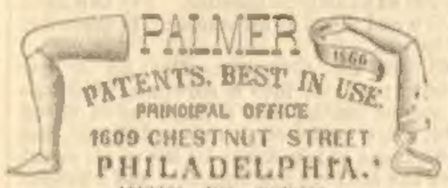

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THE ENTIRE GRAND LINE

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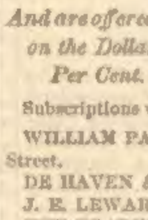

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Scene in a Kentucky Court House.

In the good old times in Kentucky, when "substantial justice" was administered in a log cabin, after a very free and easy manner, a suit was brought to recover certain moneys of which it was alleged plaintiff had been defrauded by the ingenious operation known as "thimble rigging." In the course of the trial, plaintiff's counsel, who happened to be an 'expert,' undertook to enlighten the court as to the *modus operandi* of the performance. Putting himself into position, he produced the three cups and the "little joker," and proceeded, suiting the action to the word:—

"Then may it please the court, the defendant placing the cups on his knee *thus*, began shifting them *so*, offering to bet that my client could not tell under which was the 'little joker,' meaning thereby, may it please the court, this ball, with the intention of defrauding my client of the sum thus wagered. For instance, when I raise the cup *so*, your honor supposes that you see the ball."

"Suppose I see!" interrupted the judge, who had closely watched the performance, and was sure that he had detected the ball as one of the cups was accidentally raised. "Why, any fool can see where it is, and bet on it, and be sure to win. There ain't no defraudin' thar."

"Perhaps your honor would like to go a V on it?" insinuated the counsel.

"Go a V? Yes, and double it too, and here's the rhino. It's under the middle cup."

"I'll go a V on that," said the foreman of the jury.

"And I, and I," joined in the jurors, one after the other, until each one had invested his pile.

"Up!" said his honor.

"Up" it was, but the "little joker" had mysteriously disappeared. Judge and jury were enlightened, and found no difficulty in bringing in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, on the ground that it was the "derndest kind o' defraudin'."

Clerical Anecdote.

A respectable (?) well-to-do farmer, a zealous member of the church withal, had, to the astonishment of the community and the great mortification of his friends, been found guilty of sheep-stealing. The discovery of the crime having been made on Saturday, a knowledge of the fact had not on the following Sabbath reached the ear of either of the pastors of the two village churches.

On Sabbath morning the good lover of mutton—whose Christian name, by the way, was Adam—repaired, as usual to church. Imagine the effect, not only on the guilty Adam, but on most of the audience, who had heard of the affair, when the minister announced as his text, "Thou shalt not steal," and proceeded to discuss the subject in the most practical manner, denouncing, among other forms of the sin in question, that of sheep-stealing as the meanest of all! This was "the last straw that broke the camel's back," and the abashed Adam sneaked out of church at the close of the sermon in no enviable state of mind.

In the afternoon our hero sought consolation for his wounded spirit by attending the neighboring church of a different denomination, a large number of whose members consisted of his intimate friends and relatives. The latter, of course, were already informed of the crime laid to the charge of their kinsman.

All the consolation our friend Adam obtained however by his "change of base," was a remarkably pointed and personal discourse from the words, "And the Lord God called unto Adam and said, 'Where art thou?'"

Adam could never be persuaded that these texts were not especially chosen in reference to his case—nor a good many other people also.

Anecdote of Dr. Beecher.

Dr. Beecher and his daughter Catherine being on a visit to the old Connecticut homestead, took occasion to go fishing together. After whipping the brook a while, they became separated, and the daughter returned home without any fish. Leaving the fishing-tackle in the yard, a hungry fowl spied the baited hook, and incontinently swallowed it, which of course cost biddy her life. The doctor, having been unsuccessful as a sportsman, was about this time returning home, when he found that his horse, which he had left by the roadside, had broken loose, (as was apt to be the case when fastened by his master,) and it was only by some effort that the animal was captured again. As the doctor entered the house Miss Catherine said—

"Well, father, what have you caught?"

"A horse!" said the doctor, a little gruffly. "What have *you* caught?"

"A hen!" was the equally brief answer.

What do Wires is For.

At the railway depot in Lowell, not long since, "Look a hen, Jake," said Sambo, his eyes dilating, and his rows of shining teeth protruding like a regiment of pearls, "look a hen, Jake, what do you call dem ar?" "What ar?" rejoined Jake. "Dem ar I is pintin to." "Dem ar is postes," said Jake. "What!" said Sambo, scratching his head; "dem ar postes wid de glass?" "Yes, de same identical," returned Jake. "Ah! but you see dem ar horizontal wires?" "Well," observed Jake, "de postes supports de wires." "Gosh! I takes you, nigger," ejaculated Sambo, clapping his sides, and both setting up a loud "yah, yah." "But what's de wires for?" said Sambo, after a pause. "De wires," replied Jake, completely staggered for a moment, and at a nonplus for a reply to the philosophic curiosity of brother Sambo; but suddenly lighting up with more than usual fire, he said, "De wires is for to keep de postes up!"

CHINESE SERVANTS.—Bishop Simpson, in a recent lecture, predicted that in a very few years, we would have Chinese servants in our houses. Paterfamilias referred to this at the breakfast-table this morning, when little Minnie, after awhile, came to his chair and whispered, "Oh, pa, won't it be nice? We shall have a Chinese servant, and she will eat all the rats, so we won't have to keep a cat!"

"THE HAPPY PAIR THEN LEFT TOWN—"

AMELIA (who flatters herself they are taken for quite an old married couple).—"Tell me, George, do you like green tea, or black?" [The waiter chuckles.

Royal Etiquette.

The manner in which Kings and Queens meet each other, was curiously illustrated at the Imperial meeting at Salsburg. Napoleon kissed the gloved hand of the Austrian Empress, but Francis Joseph simply gave Eugenie's hand a formal touch with his own. Before the Imperial party had spent the first half hour together, other details occurred which have all been carefully preserved by the gossips of the Court. It will be remembered that the toilet worn by the Empress Eugenie was of the most approved and fashionable make, half mourning of the most delicate tint of gray, ornamented with jet, out of compliment to the memory of Maximilian—a visiting morning costume, out of compliment to the hour—a short petticoat, reaching just below the ankle, surmounted by a shorter one of the same material; half-high tight fitting boots of lilac kid, with sparkling jet tassels, and a long cane in her hand, according to the fashion adopted at the French Court on all occasions of travelling or *villegiatura*. The whole aspect of the wearer was charming, light and stylish in the highest degree. The Empress Elizabeth, on the contrary, wore long sweeping skirts, with a total absence of all ornament. A rich veil of black lace, artistically arranged, with a coronet of jet, fell from the small bonnet over the neck and on either side of the face—the whole toilet, by its severe simplicity, affording a striking contrast to that of her Imperial visitor. But just as she was entering the carriage, where the Empress Eugenie was already seated, his Majesty, Francis Joseph, touched her wrist and exclaimed rather abruptly. Take care, madam, your feet are visible." The words happening to catch the ear of the Imperial lady to whom they were not addressed, caused her to color slightly; but, of course, no other outward sign of comprehension of their meaning was made manifest.

Niagara Eclipsed.

An astonished tourist writes to the Frontier Index from the curious district surrounding the Yellowstone Lake of Montana:

"Near the outskirts of the monstrous locality there is a lake on top of the mountain that is yet frozen over, the ice and snow covering its surface some twenty feet deep. The main forks of the Yellowstone, one heading opposite Wind and Green rivers, and the others opposite Henry's Fork of Snake River, in the same vicinity that the Madison and Gallatin rise, empty into the big lake, which has for its outlet the Yellowstone river, and just below the lake the whole river falls over the face of a mountain thousands of feet, the spray rising several hundred. A pebble was timed by a watch in dropping from an overhanging crag of one perpendicular fall, and is said to have required eleven and a half seconds to strike the surface of the river below. That beats Niagara Falls 'all hollow.' The river at these greatest falls is represented to be half as large as the Missouri at Omaha, and as clear as crystal. The great lake, like all others in these mountains, is thick with salmon trout, of from five to forty pounds weight, and where the milky boiling mineral waters from the geysers intermingle with the pure clear water from the running streams, these elegant fish can be 'forked' up by the boat load."

☞ As a worthy divine and a broad-thinking doctor were discussing about the "Essays and Reviews," some doubts were raised whether Eve was formed from a "bone," when a poetical lady remarked: "Well, if Eve were so formed, it must have been from the Bone of Contention."

AGRICULTURAL.

London Horses.

The value of straw as a feeding substance, was never better proved than by the following fact: A firm having a large number of heavy wagon horses, had frequent occasion for the veterinary surgeon, until they were recommended to mix a certain portion of fine cut straw with the clover hay. This has been practised now for some years, and their bill for horse doctoring is at a minimum. The partner of the firm who told me this, said how advantageous it was, not to be deprived, as they formerly were, of the use of several horses—to say nothing of the saving in expense and loss. The fact is, the food was too rich, or too mucilaginous, for I have often been told that fine cut hay, unmixed with straw chaff, balls in the stomach, and thus is, I suppose, deprived of the action of the gastric juices. We know that too succulent or rich grasses are injurious, and no doubt straw chaff mixed with it, acts mechanically, if not chemically, with advantage. It would be well for our agricultural friends to know that for several thousand horses belonging to the General Omnibus Company, the food is all passed through the chaff cutter, with, I believe, a certain proportion of straw. While spring grazing our bullocks on tares, we mix straw with it in their early growth, but as they advance to flowering and podding, this is not required, because there is much wheat and oats grown with this, which gets intermixed on passing through the chaff machine.—*J. Mechi, July*, 1867.

White Clover in Georgia.

A correspondent of the Southern Cultivator writes as follows:—"I have enjoyed the pleasure of a visit to one of the highest peaks of the Appalachian chain of mountains immediately on the line between East Tennessee and North Carolina. For miles along its summit, and far down its sides, the most luxuriant growth of white clover completely covered the ground, filling the air with its fragrance, and affording the richest and most abundant pasturage for hundreds of cattle, sheep and swine, literally "rolling in fat," without an ear of corn or anything, save the rich herbage upon which they luxuriated with all their native fondness, requiring only the care of a shepherd to keep them within proper bounds. Calves of but a few months old looked like "yearlings," and from one cow running at large with her calf, I milked at least two gallons per day, for our pleasure party, consisting of nearly a dozen ladies and gentlemen. One hundred miles farther South, I have had several acres well set in white clover, without sowing a seed, by simply letting the land lie out. My milch cows grazed on it until Christmas, yielding richer and more milk and butter than when fed as cows usually are. Nearly 100 miles still farther South, I now have white clover that grew in many places this summer "knee high" on pipe-clay land, springing up spontaneously, whenever allowed the privilege of doing so. The second growth salivates or "slabbers" horses, but does not cattle or hogs. It grows finely with herds grass, affording a heavy swath of hay at the ground."

Window Plants.

Window plants should not be kept very warm at this season. They should have all the sun and air, and as little of the artificial heat of the room as possible. These remarks apply especially to Mignonette, which is very impatient of in-door confinement. Succulents, such as Cacti, are excellent window plants in this respect, as the dry air does not affect them. To keep the air about the plants moist is one of the secrets of window-culture. Some who have very fine windows well stocked with fine plants, make glazed cases with folding doors of them, by which, when the room is highly heated and very dry, they can be enclosed in an atmosphere of their own. In such cases, ferns and mosses can be grown to perfection, and pendant plants in hanging vases give a Brazilian forest appearance to our happy Christmas homes.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

TO KEEP CIDER SWEET.—Of the various preparations used for this purpose, I have had some experience with sulphite of lime and white mustard seed. Treated with the lime, the cider soon becomes flat and insipid. The mustard seed I much prefer—½ lb. to a barrel—put in when it has about half done working. It gives it a sprightly, agreeable flavor, which it retains until warm weather. Both of these methods, however, spoil it for vinegar. With the mustard seed it becomes thick and ropy during the heat of summer.—*F. Curtis, in Country Gentleman.*

CUT THE BUSHES.—Now is the time, the shortest days of winter, to cut the bushes in the pastures and along the meadows and fences, wherever you wish to cut and get rid of them. Alders, birches, etc., cut during the shortest days, are, as nearly every practical farmer knows, killed out, that is they sprout up in spring a great deal less than when cut at other seasons.

Flowers in Winter.

The best geraniums for winter blooming in the house are the different varieties of the Zonale or Horseshoe family. These are free growers, adapt themselves well to the atmosphere of the parlor, and are seldom out of bloom. To flower well, they should be potted on through the summer, and well pinched to make them of good shape. The colors are white, pink, orange, red, scarlet and crimson, in many different shades. If bedded out in the summer, they will grow very strong and may be potted before the frost, and will soon bloom. The varieties with gold and silver foliage are not as well adapted for parlor culture as the plain-leafed kinds, but do well in a green-house. All the varieties are good; but, for the parlor, those of dwarf habit are preferable. The rose, nutmeg, ivy, apple and oak geraniums also do well in the parlor, but are desirable rather for foliage than flower.—*American Journal of Horticulture.*

How to Keep Up your Hay Crop.

A farmer who had been in the habit of selling his hay for many years in succession, being asked how he kept up his hay crop without manuring or cultivating his land, replied, "I never allowed the after swath to be cut." If this rule was generally followed there would be less said about running out of grass fields or short crops of hay. Some farmers feed off every green thing and compel their cattle to pull up and gnaw off the roots of the grass. Cutting rowen is certain death to hay crops. A farmer had better buy hay at forty dollars per ton than ruin his hay field by close grazing. The general treatment of grass lands in this respect is wrong and expensive, and should be abandoned as a matter of profit and economy.—*Wisconsin Farmer.*

FENCE POSTS.—Around each post used in fencing, a small mound of earth should be raised, to throw off the water of heavy rains. This keeps the water from entering the post-hole from the surface. In every place where this simple plan has been tried, the posts have lasted much longer than those set in the ordinary way.

RECEIPTS.

OYSTER OMELET.—Beat six eggs well, and add by degrees a gill of cream, and pepper and salt to your taste. Have ready one dozen large oysters cut in halves; pour the eggs into a pan of hot butter, and drop the oysters over it as equally as possible. Fry to a light brown and serve as an omelet. It must not be turned.

CURRY OF CHICKEN.—Cut up a raw chicken; put it into a stewpan, with two ounces of butter, half a large onion sliced thin, a few sprigs of parsley and thyme, and two ounces of lean ham; let the whole sweat over the fire for a few minutes; add a heaped tablespoonful of curry powder, and a small one of flour; shake the whole together for five minutes over the fire; put to it a pint of either gravy or water; let the whole simmer gently until the chicken is done; take out the chicken, rub the sauce through a sieve, boil it up, skim, put in the chicken, season with salt and lemon-juice. Plain boiled rice to be served in a separate dish.

PLUM PUDDING.—One pound of suet cut in pieces not too fine, one pound of currants and one pound of raisins stoned, four eggs, half grated nutmeg, one ounce of citron, one ounce of lemon-peel spread fine, one teaspoonful beaten ginger, half-pound bread crumbs, half-pound flour, one pint of milk. Beat the eggs first, add half the milk, beat them together, and by degrees stir in the flour, then the suet, spice and fruit, and as much milk as will mix it together very thick; then take a clean cloth, dip in boiling water and squeeze dry. While the water is boiling fast, put in your pudding, which should at least boil five hours.

PLAIN MINCE PIE.—Neat's tongue and feet, make the best mince pies. The shank is good. Boil the meat till very tender, take it up clean from the bones and gristle, chop it fine, mix it with an equal weight of tart apples chopped fine. If the meat is lean, put in a little butter or suet. Moisten the whole with cider; new, if you have good; sweeten it to the taste with sugar and a little molasses—seasoning it with salt, cinnamon, cloves and mace. Make the pies on flat plates, with holes in the upper crust, and bake from thirty to forty-five minutes.

MINCE PIES WITHOUT MEAT.—Take four pounds of suet, eight pounds of apples, four nutmegs, eight pounds of raisins, four pounds of sugar, half-a-pound of sliced citron, two quarts of wine, two quarts of brandy, half an ounce of cloves, the same of mace, an ounce of cinnamon, a tablespoonful of salt, and four large oranges. If it gets too dry, add more brandy. It will keep from November till May.

CARROT SOUP.—Four quarts of liquor in which a leg of mutton or beef has been boiled, a few beef-bones, six large carrots, two large onions, one turnip; seasoning of salt and pepper to taste; Cayenne. Put the liquor, bones, onions, turnips, pepper, and salt into a stewpan, and simmer for three hours. Scrape and cut the carrots thin, strain the soup on them, and stew them till soft enough to pulp through a hair sieve or coarse cloth; then boil the pulp with the soup, which should be of the consistency of pea soup. Add Cayenne. Pulp only the red part of the carrot, and make this soup the day before it is wanted.

POTATO PUREE.—Roast six large potatoes. Make a hole in the top of each. When well roasted, scoop all the insides into a bowl. Mash them well with a little *boiled* milk or cream. Add salt, Cayenne, and an egg, well beaten all together. Put the mixture again carefully into the hole of each potato skin, and bake them twenty minutes, serve up on a dish, with a napkin covering them all over, *very hot.*

A SCOTCH CAKE.—Make into a dough three-quarters of a pound of butter, a pound of sifted flour, a pound of sugar, and three well-beaten eggs; flavor with cinnamon. Roll into small, thin sheets, and cut into round cakes, and bake in a quick oven.

WASHING PREPARATION.—Put one pound of saltpetre into a gallon of water, and keep it in a corked jug; two tablespoonsful for a pint of soap. Soak, wash, and boil as usual. This bleaches the clothes beautifully, without injuring the fabric.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 2, 3, is an article of dress.
My 1, 9, 2, 8, is an animal.
My 1, 7, 8, 9, is a person detested by society.
My 1, 8, 9, 2, 6, is a species of fish.
My 2, 1, 9, 3, is a man's name.
My 2, 8, 9, is a verb.
My 2, 4, 7, 6, is very small.
My 2, 5, 6, is what all should have.
My 3, 7, 4, 8, 9, is a French measure.
My 3, 5, 6, 9, is a tropical fruit.
My 3, 9, 2, 8, is a character in Shakspeare.
My 3, 7, 2, 6, is a kind of earth.
My 4, 2, 1, 3, 9, is a household article.
My 4, 6, 4, 3, 9, is much sought after in Europe.
My 4, 8, 5, 4, 9, is worn out.
My 4, 2, 5, 3, belongs to animals.
My 8, 7, 6, 9, is an ancient city.
My 7, 6, 9, 8, is a Hebrew measure.
My 6, 5, 8, 9, is disagreeably plenty in spring.
My 6, 2, 1, 9, 3, is a girl's name.

My whole is a beautiful city in the United States. W. H. MORROW.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in May, but not in Spring.
My second's in syren, but not in sing.
My third is in flower, but not in bloom.
My fourth is in tears, but not in gloom.
My fifth is in love, but not in passion.
My sixth is in style, but not in fashion.
Sacred to Venus, my whole was dear,
And it keeps its beauty, while all is sere.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A boat has been sailing two hours with a light breeze against a strong current; nineteen times the number of miles it has sailed is equal to the cube of that distance added to 30 miles.

How far has the boat sailed? How many *correct* answers can be given?

W. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A straight line is divided at random into three parts. Required—the probability that a triangle can be formed with them.

ARTEMUS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose the earth to be 8,000 miles in diameter, and two persons, 314.16 miles apart, measured on its surface. How high must each ascend, vertically, that a straight line drawn from one to the other shall just touch the earth, and how far will they be apart, their distances above the earth being as 5 to 8? E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the letter A the best remedy for a deaf woman? Ans.—Because it makes her hear.

☞ When the thermometer fails, how often, on an average, does it break?

☞ What is that which, if you take the whole away, there is always some left? Wholesome.

☞ Why is the carrying of a motion like the amaurosis? Ans.—Because the nyes have it.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—Pear.

Subduing a Giant.

Mr. Pillsbury, warden of the States Prison in Connecticut, once received into the prison a man of gigantic stature, whose crimes had for seventeen years made him the terror of the country. He told the criminal, when he came, he hoped he would not repeat the attempts to escape which he had done elsewhere. "It will be best," said he, "that you and I should treat each other as well as we can. I will make you as comfortable as I possibly can, and I shall be anxious to be your friend; and I hope you will not get me into difficulty on your account. There is a cell for solitary confinement; but we have never used it, and I should be very sorry ever to have to turn the key upon anybody in it. You may range the place as freely as I do—if you trust me, I will trust you."

The man was sulky, and for some weeks showed only gradual symptoms of softening under the operation of Mr. Pillsbury's cheerful confidence. At length information was brought of the man's intention to break the prison. The warden called him, and taxed him with it; the man preserved a gloomy silence. He was told it was now necessary for him to be locked in the solitary cell, and desired to follow the warden, who went first, carrying a lamp in one hand and a key in the other. In the narrowest part of the passage, Mr. Pillsbury, a small, light man, turned round and looked in the face of the stout criminal. "Now," said he, "I ask whether you have treated me as I deserve? I have done every thing that I could to make you happy. I have trusted you, but you have never given me the least confidence in return, and have even planned to get me into difficulty. Is this kind? And yet I cannot bear to look you up. If I had the least sign that you cared for me—"

The man burst into tears.

"Sir," said he, "I have been a very demon these seventeen years; but you treat me like a man."

"Come, let us go back," said the warden.

The convict had free range of the prison as before; and from that hour he began to open his heart to the warden, and cheerfully fulfilled his whole term of imprisonment.